Misunderstanding Midnight - The Darkness That Bonds Us

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Misunderstanding Midnight - The Darkness That Bonds Us

by Mishiees

Summary

Complete Fic

Will is an Omega who has absolutely no problems embracing his true nature. Or embracing Alphas, for that matter. To put it simply; sex was sex. You didn't need to be mated to do it. You didn't need to get mated while doing it. In this day and age, there was absolutely no reason it needed to result in children.

Busy working on the Ripper cases and going through a bit of a dry spell, Will asks Hannibal if he wants to spend the night together, thinking the pair could easily have this one off and return to their usual relationship.

Hannibal is very much in love with the Special Agent Graham, despite his lack of manners, and isn't going to be very impressed to find out he's a one night stand who might have to share *his Omega*

Notes

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If you would like to skip the explicit sex scenes in this fic, please miss out : *Chapters 6+7+12+28+29+30*
If you would like to skip the murder scenes in this fic, please miss out : *Chapters 20+21*

Hopefully the fic makes sense without them, but by all means ask me to clarify anything in the comments!

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: 惹人誤會的凌晨 (中文翻譯） by rainylaiho

Prologue

Chapter Notes

Please note that the prolong is not the POV/writing style throughout. I just needed to scene set so y'all got to be in my mind space before I threw a fic at ya.

Check out chapter two if it's not your taste. It should still make sense.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The belief that Omegas were somehow inferior to, or weaker than the other secondary genders, be that Alphas or Betas, had always been one that deeply confused Will Graham.

When you truly thought about who held the power within those dynamics, the only possible conclusion he could draw was that Omegas possessed the ability and capacity to influence the behaviour of others with nothing more than the tilt of a head. That was true power.

Surrendering yourself to an Alpha was a strategic move. Like a game of chess. Initially you may have to make small sacrifices to gain the upper hand.

Knowing this power, was precisely the reason Will had never seen it necessary to hide who he was. Unapologetically embracing this side of himself had not come without challenge. In part that was due to the fact that, despite accepting who he was and the fundamental elements that made up his biology, Will still refused to comply with societies ideas on how he, and his fellow Omegas, should conduct themselves.

Simply put, enjoying spreading his legs and riding an Alphas knot during a heat and out of it, did not mean he had a romanticised view of fucking. Sex was sex. You didn't need to be mated to do it. You didn't need to get mated while doing it. In this day and age, there was absolutely no reason it needed to result in children.

Good sex was not exclusive to true love.

In fact in Will's experience, a great fuck was often being slammed over the hood of a truck, by an Alpha you spent the evening plying with drinks, trousers pooling around ankles, bruising touches, nails digging into flesh, hot and wet kisses, growling… then never seeing or hearing from them again.

So long as he was practicing safe sex, Will didn't see the problem with falling into bed with anyone he wanted. Whenever he wanted.

Though it certainly ruffled the feathers of those more traditionally minded.

The barriers Alphas had put in his way had never deterred Will from being who he was, though. Rather than reign his behaviour in, he would simply work a lot harder, being a lot smarter [1] than his peers to prove he was not defined by their outdated expectations.

As a young man he had done that a lot more outlandishly. As he had grown older Will had worked out being *quirky* was far more likely to give him the results he wanted. Pity created opportunities. People were far more likely to divulge information and assist you if they thought you were broken.

The older Will got, the more people seemed to take these traits he'd developed to survive a world set up on calling him weak, as flaws in his character. Fulfilling their own narrative, no matter that his life stood as testament to the opposite.

He was a Special Agent working for the BSU at Quantico, who has remained happily single, owned his own property and answered to no-one and yet that was all cast aside because people would rather he fit in with their idea of the world than the reality.

It felt an awful lot like hiding in plain sight.

An example of this was that avoiding eyes was a good way to come across as non-threatening and get an adequate reading on someone before engaging with them in anything but a superficial manner. However, people around him seemed to assume this was the default position of his secondary gender and was coming from a place of anxiety.

It is why Will loathed psychiatrists. They would always transpose their own meaning onto his actions, despite him telling them differently. Yet, for a man with such a passionate distaste for them, he certainly seemed to surround himself with a lot.

Dr.Bloom, a Beta woman, had at least managed to keep her withering glances of concern to a minimum and actually talked to Will like a person, rather than a project. So he supposed that was why he would consider them friends. That, and she was always available at short notice to care for his dogs.

Dr. Lecter, a excruciatingly traditional Alpha, was someone Will would consider in a friendly light. Their exchanges seemed to occur out of mutual curiosity of each other rather than a blossoming kindship. They both had a habit of holding the other at arm's length. Or, that was how Will interpreted their meetings. He could never quite get a reading on Hannibal, his thoughts or intentions.

The pair had come a long way from their first interaction. Much to the relief of Jack Crawford, who looked pensive and stiff as the two men had a rather heated exchange in his office, upon their first meeting. Jack had taken the time to assure Hannibal that though Will's manners left something to be desired, he was one of the best in the bureau and that you learned to adapt to the Omega's brash nature.

Chapter End Notes

1. By being a self-starter. By fourteen, they placed him in charge of a trading charter. Back

A Long Dry Spell

“He’s kind of hot, though.” Beverly Katz has said, brandishing a pen at Will playfully.

“Hm?” The Omega said, while swivelling on his chair, to meet the eye of one of the only other Omegas in the FBI for a split second, before dropping it in favour of looking at the petri dish she was taking notes on.

With a warm sigh, she rolled her eyes at Will before wheeling her own stool across the lab to continued there conversation where the other couldn’t escape back into starting at the file, and pictures, of the latest suspected Chesapeake Ripper case. “I’m so pleased to hear the mangled corpses left for us are more entertaining than my dating life.”

Will’s brows knitted together at that choice of wording, he felt offended by the insinuation. “They’re not mangled. It’s purposeful. A masterpiece.” He whispered that last part, knowing it was something Beverly would have no problem hearing, but would rather whatever agent was swanning past the poor, hoping to overhear something juicy about the Ripper, didn’t hear him praising the serial killer's gift.

Beverly, to her credit, didn’t miss a beat in ignoring Will’s praise, with nothing more than a poignant blink. “Dr.Lecter, then?”

Will snapped his attention to the woman, lips trying to think of a quick response to what she was asking, only for his mind to unhelpfully supply she had no idea what she was asking. Will had drifted off into thought about Dr. Lecter while staring at the files, which is something he should be slightly concerned about, but there was no way Beverly could have known that. “What?”

“Christ, Will.” She said, smile only widening on her lips as she studied her bemused friend. “You really need to get out of this dry spell. Your brain is unforgivably slow.” “It’s only been five months. So are you suggested Hannibal for me, or you?”

Beverly snorted a laugh though her nose. “Even if he was my type, his attention is never on anyone but you. I’m not even with you half the time, and I’ve managed to pick it up. Can’t imagine what your therapy sessions are like.”

“It’s not *therapy*, it’s a conversation, and he’s never anything but the utmost professional.” Most of the time. “Even when drinking wine.” Will said, casting his mind back to the conversations the pair had shared over the previous months. Moments where he had caught Hannibal staring at him with avid fasciation, enquiring about his past and family, posing questions about his future, the offers for dinner, how unavoidable he had made his company and sniffing him. “I’m hardly likely to be his type.” He lied to them both.

“No, I am sure he cooks breakfast for all his friends.” Beverly said knowingly, before moving to turn around on her seat.

“I told you that in confidence.” Will said, deciding this conversation was causing him to have a headache, and laying his forehead on the cool desk before him.

Ignoring his point, as Beverly went back to writing her notes, seeing that she wouldn’t he holding a conversation with Will much longer she continued “You don’t need to be his type to get over your dry spell. I miss the old Will, he at least had the decency to pretend to pay attention.”

Purposefully not answering that, the Omega slipped his phone from his back pocket and brought up Hannibal Lecter’s contact details, typing out a text before he had the chance to overthink the decision, focusing only on the fact it could be a means to an end.

Hannibal was very attractive. His scent was divine. They were both single. They could both separate personal and professional relationships. Will really did need to get laid, and between the Ripper cases and teaching the opportunity to go and pull someone in a bar was fleeting.

Will hit send.

Arranging A Rendezvous

Phone chiming and vibrating against his desk Hannibal glanced over at the name flashing upon the screen, charmed to see who it was from. This was becoming an increasingly familiar feeling when it came to the Omega, one the Doctor looked forward to exploring further.

Rarely did the fairer gender hold his interest quite so wholly as Special Agent Graham. He recalled having a conversation with Jack briefly after their first meeting to reassure him that William's manners grew on you, but that had been quite unnecessary, as from the first meeting Hannibal had considered Will as nothing other than delightfully refreshing, despite his rudeness.

Rather than wishing to terminate the ill-mannered man, Hannibal found himself indulging the behaviour. To poke and prod around the beautiful mind and see what would bend and break with some suggestive conversation. Smooth off some of those sharp edges and unleash the raw potential he saw there.

Will's becoming.

Picking up the phone within his hand, he unlocked the screen and read over the rather unexpected request for a seat at his table. Briefly he wondered if the cunning boy had managed to piece together from his latest gift, though given their recent conversations about 'the Chesapeake Ripper' that outcome seemed unlikely.

Would you like to have dinner tonight? -WG

As I have said, you are always welcome at my table. Though I must ask if there is any particular reason for this request. –HL

I was hoping we could work up an appetite. –WG

The response made Hannibal pause for thought, mulling over the implications in his mind before carefully testing the water. Though his own obsession for the Omega was ever growing, Will had not yet alluded to this being reciprocated. It would be a shame to scare him off with wishful thinking.

I'm afraid I don't quite follow. –HL

I'd rather be on your table, than at it. –WG

Leaning forward in his chair the Alpha, was about to respond before another message came in and he deleted his enquiry, the context now unmistakable.

;) –WG

It would be rather ungentlemanly of me to ravish you in my dining room. –HL

Bit unhygienic to bend me over a kitchen counter, though. –WG

Hannibal's face broke into a hungry smile, as his imagination painted that indulgent image for him, before he tucked it away in corner of his mind palace dedicated to all things Will Graham.

I am fortunate enough to own several beds. –HL

If you think you have that many rounds in you. –WG

My stamina is something I take great pride in. –HL

You'd do well not to overpromise, it would be awful if you couldn't deliver. –WG

I assure you, I am being uncharacteristically modest. –HL

When do you want me? - WG

I am sure the question should be phrased as /how/, Will. –HL
Shall we say seven? –HL

Looking forward to it. -WG

As am I. –HL

Although this revelation meant Hannibal would have to review and recalculate the timeline for some of his plans regarding Will, the Alpha was not one to look at gift horse in the mouth. The unexpected nature of the Omega was one of many reasons he felt so enamoured. A physical union would only strengthen their relationship.

The alluring images Hannibal had often allowed himself to enjoy in an evening alone were pushed to the forefront of his mind as he replayed the way Will would moan his name between gasping breaths.

The Terms Of Our Meeting

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Standing at Hannibal's front door, abnormally early for him, Will roughly carded his head through his curls, in an attempt to tame them. Originally, when receiving confirmation from Hannibal about their rendezvous he had planned to go home, shower and change into something presentable. Jack had seen to it that the likelihood of that occurring became more unattainable by the hour.

An afternoon spent in the mind of the Ripper had Will on edge. The fact he was about to blow off months of pent up frustration, outweighed how conscious he was of his own appearance.

The worst that could happen was Hannibal swinging the door open to receive him, the Alphas eyes give him a once over then polity announce Will needed to return home to Wolf Trap because the dishevelled geography teacher look wasn't doing it for him.

Will rasped his knuckles on the door before sliding them into his coat pockets.

With all the elegance he had come to expect from the other man, Hannibal pulled the door open, with a welcome that just had something enough off with it that Will found himself looking up from where his eyes had fallen to his shoes to roam over the Alpha.

Rather than an outlandish suit Hannibal wore a white button down, with the top buttons open exposing his throat, a pair of black tailored dress trousers, hair styled perfectly.

In compassion Will's crumpled flannel shirt, dark blue jeans and grey jacket made him feel wildly underdressed. It didn't help that he had thrown them on this morning so he could make his way to a crime scene and given the amount of hair and smell, it was likely his dogs had laid on them all evening.

Hannibal just looked put together, even if there was a little something in his voice betraying him.

Slipping past the man, into the hallway Will was yet to say anything, but the familiar silence that eased it's way between the pair was something he cherished about their ~~friendship~~ acquaintanceship.

"May I take you coat?" Hannibal offered, holding his hands up, which left no room for question when it came to Will wanting to shrug it off and thrusting it at the other. Apparently it wasn't just screwing him on the dining table that would be ungentlemanly. Will supposed if this is what the Alpha liked to do, he saw no problem fighting him on it. It was just sex, after all. This wasn't going to be reoccurring.

Strong hands and delicate fingers stroked across his shoulder, before helping Will out of his jacket. Hannibal also took the opportunity of being so close to the other, to scent the Omega. With a deep breath in there was many things to be picked up on. Most notably the lack of repugnant aftershave, Will's natural scent and the smell of decay. Ah, it would appear the FBI had finally found his last scene.

"Cheers." Will muttered, turning around while maintaining the short distance he stood from Hannibal to ask, with a confidence that rarely showed itself. "Smell something you like?"

Not only at being called out but the display of conviction from the other man, Hannibal allowed a toothy grin to fall across his lips before turning on his heal to hang the coat on the rack. "Am I to understand you wish to forgo the small talk?"

"Hi, nice to meet you, lovely weather, great day, you look nice, dinner smells good, shall we fuck?" Will rattled off cheekily, feeling certain he would have the upper hand in this exchange. Before he knew it he found himself backed against the hallway wall, Hannibal's arms trapping him in either side, a predatory glare fixing him in place.

"What an appealing lack of manners, William." This was new. Very new. Unexpected and new. Will… *liked it*. The agent really hadn't been expected Hannibal to offer anything other than a knot to fulfil his basic wants, and yet here the Alpha was respectfully displaying dominance.

Thickly swallowing, Will titled his head up ever so slightly, enough to expose new skin and draw the Alpha's attention as he asked "Would you like me to say please and thank you?"

Hungry eyes fixed on the new expanse of pale skin, freeing itself from behind the offending flannel. Hannibal considered simply ripping the article of clothing from the other, but knew it was wise to allow Will to step some boundaries before either of them gave into their needs. Hands still not moving from either side of the wall, Hannibal leaned into growl "I believe it is you who needs to tell me what you want." against the shell of the younger man's ear.

Not to sounds like a virginal school girl, Will's knees threatened to go weak at the delicious rumble coming from the Alpha's chest. It had been far too long since he'd done this. "No biting, no babies." Was the way he decided to word his ground rules.

"You may wish to elaborate, as I was rather enjoying the thought of my teeth sinking into you flesh." Will rolled his eyes at the classically Alpha comment.

"If you need to reply on your teeth to seduce me, doctor, this is going to be a very dull evening." Will said, and though no space had been put between them, the statement acted as a cool water spray. "Now, if you can't agree or feel unable to manage no biting, I've got a mouth guard in my car to avoid any accidents. Or, I can just go home." Will continued, knowing he had Hannibal's undivided attention, when the man inclined his head in understanding and agreement. He was thankful that he wouldn't have to return home, the familiar feeling of slick already starting to dampen the cleft of his arse.

"I'm on the pill, but as I'm sure you know it's only 60% effective for Omegas, so you're also going to wear contraceptive. Deal?" Again, he was offered a nod of agreement so Will

decided to take charge of the foreplay and plant a kiss to the other’s lips.

His hand wove it's way into Hannibal's shirt, pulling the man forward to crush their lips together in a hungry kiss. It started off rather slowly, until Will had found the perfect angle for their lips to work against each other, tongue darting out to lap at Hannibal's bottom lip, savouring the taste of the other and demanding entrance.

It took Hannibal back by surprise as Will’s lips collided with his own, his typical partner in the bedroom was far less likely to be so demanding. Though none of them were quite so captivating as Will Graham. The intoxicating scent of arousal met Hannibal's nose, and he hummed into the kiss as the Omega's beard brushed against his jaw.

Having compartmentalised the rules Will suggested, he was more than willing to start this chapter of their relationship on the Omegas terms. Clearly Will was far more susceptible to his advances and courtship that first imagined, given the needy way the younger man's body writhed between his and the wall.

There would be plenty of time in the future to explore the prospect of bonding. Clearly Will currently desired something more visceral to work off the mounting frustration Hannibal was sure he was the direct cause of.

Though enjoying the display, he wasn't about to allow Will too much leeway when it came to being in charge of this evening. It wasn't in his nature. Not when the desire to have the other submitting underneath him was so consuming.

Chapter End Notes

If you want the smut, you're going to have to go ahead and put the lotion in the basket. Failing that, comments and kudos are also accepted, else I'm holding all the dirty bits hostage. ‾"\‾3=(‾ʖ‾)=ε/‾'‾

P.S. I made some edits to tidy up this chapter, nothing huge, just padded out bits.

A Meeting Of Mouths

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Surging forward, Hannibal used his own body to press Will back against the wall, forcing the other to break the kiss for a moment, as a shocked gasp for air escaped him, head not too gently meeting the wall behind.

Blue eyes met maroon as the pair spent a few second sizing one an another up. Chests raising and falling simultaneously as the stole the breath from the other's lungs. Will felt himself pulled into the orbs, watching something unexpected and yet familiar behind the Alpha's eyes. He couldn't quite find the words to name it.

Suddenly it was gone.

Or he was gone?

Brain struggling to keep up with the motion of his body as controlling hands gripped around his shoulders and span him to face the wall, before once again a firm, warm body pressed him into place.

Perhaps his first assessment of Hannibal Lecter has been wrong, that man seemed to be less of a traditional Alpha and more *primal*.

Clearly attempting to gain the upper hand of this power struggle through forceful means wouldn't work. Will needed to utilise what the other couldn't, the thing that set him at a disadvantage.

Arching his back ever so slightly, so his arse pushed against Hannibal's groin, Will rolled his head to the side and exposed his neck. A soft while leaving his unmarked throat.

The huffed laugh he found tickling air at the nape of his neck was entirely unexpected. He'd never met an Alpha who'd simply remained neutral at such an explicit act of submission. Brows furrowing together, he was planning to turn his head to see Hannibal, when teeth scraped across the skin, making him shiver. Goosebumps pickling the skin under his clothes in a very visceral reaction to the action.

This soon turned into seething rage as announced "I said no biting, Hannibal."

"And I am a man of my word, mielasis" He soothed, voice far lower than usual, which at least reassured Will that this was as arousing for the other as himself. Although the steadily grown erection pressing into his arse was probably indication enough.

The doctor's pupils dilated with lust, as he enjoyed the light squirming from the body pressed back against his own. His hands now gripped at the Omegas hips to hold him still as he spoke. "I believe it is my turn to state my conditions."

Will paused at that, resting his head against the wall as he was unable to move much in the vice like grip of the other. “Uh. Yeah. Alright. Go on then. What are they?”

Taking his time, with gently fingers dancing up Will clothed spine, the older man allowed the pads of his fingers to brush past the rough fabric. He avoided tutting, but mentally made note of treating Will to some finer items of attire. The Omega deserved to be looked after. Spoiled. Hannibal was more than happy to accommodate any of his whims.

Including the matter at hand.

Fingers found their way to gently stroke into the Omega’s hair, massaging the roots in a soothing motion. “You must tell me if I hurt you.”

A laugh fell from Will’s lips before he had chance to stop it. He had to be joking. Hannibal couldn’t hurt a fl- Rough hands twisted into his hair, yanking his head back to rest on Hannibal’s shoulder, while the other hand, that had been planted on his hip, slid it’s way around Will’s throat to apply the lightest touch of pressure, more as an declaration that he was there, than anything else.

The noise that surprised them both was the moan that left Will, followed by a rather deep rouge dusting oh his cheeks. Well. That was new. “Fine. I’ll tell you.”

The fingers encasing his throat tapped to the words “Good boy.” But rather than work in Hannibal’s favour, it only ignited Will’s anger.

Perhaps Hannibal had underestimated the Omega, but as soon as his hand stopped wrenching the other’s head back, Will had twisted round in his arms and was less than delicately returning the favour.

Hannibal’s head yanked back and Adam’s apple exposed. But rather than meeting the Alpha with more violence, soft pink lips came up to plant a sweet kiss to the throat. A whispered warning followed. “I haven’t had sex in a very long time, I suggest if you want to feel how wet and needy I am right now, you cut the good boy shit.” Equally soft kisses then began trailing their way down Hannibal’s throat, jawline and finally found their way to his lips once more.

The Alpha was enchanted. Such passion and compassion all in one fierce form. Violence and care. Will Graham simultaneously managed to be both in control and relinquish it, in a way Hannibal had ever seen another being do.

Will would make him the perfect mate.

Returning soft pecks, he found himself being led by the other, as hands guided his own back to Will’s hips, the Omegas own arms wrapped around his shoulders.

Just as Will wanted. You see, power wasn’t always vehemence.

It was unexpectedly tender, and the soft pecks soon turned into long kisses, hands beginning to explore each other’s clothes form, tongues dancing together, tasting each other.

This continued for a while, before the pair became breathless with the slowly deepening kisses, and roaming hands were no longer enough to satisfy.

“Bedroom?” Will mouthed into a kiss.

Chapter End Notes

I did you wrong. I promised smut but only have you this... I apologies. Quite rude of me.

However, I have now got two whole chapters of some sexy times (I had to split them up because gosh dang I wrote a lot) in the bank.

More Than The Wind That Blows

Chapter Notes

This Chapter Is A Sex Scene

I lost time a bit there... But here it is. An update. I hope you saved you appetite.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You’re certain you don’t wish to have dinner first?” Hannibal offered, in a see-through move that made Will think the other was rather sweet. He was giving him an out.

Like Will had any intention of escaping from this.

Rocking his hips forward so his clothed erection brushed against Hannibal’s, eliciting a moan from the pair of them, a devilish smile pulled at the detective's face, as the action backed up his request. “I would rather you find something else to do with my mouth.”

“That can certainly be arranged.” Rather than taking a step back, as Will had expected, so that he might lead the way to the bedroom, Hannibal used the position of Will against the wall to seemingly effortlessly hoist the Omega up.

Automatically Will’s legs wrapped around the Alphas hips, in fear they both might go toppling over, and his arms repositioned themselves to link behind Hannibal’s head. There was still quite a bit of shock in his eyes at the sudden action. “You’re a lot stronger than you look.”

Finding this amusing, a smirk pulled at Hannibal’s lips. “I shall take that as the compliment intended, rather than the backhand it came across as.” Hands moving from Will’s hips to under his buttocks to support the weight, the Alpha made sure to take the opportunity to paw at the flesh beneath the jeans.

“Did you bring a change of clothes?” He mused thoughtfully, stepping away from the wall to begin ascending his staircase.

Will was still in awe of this. Hannibal was a man who took care of himself, sure, but the core strength and ease in which he carried the Omega was beyond impressive. It was painfully arousing. Will couldn’t help but think he should have demanded the other take his shirt off beforehand. Who would have known under those suits was this kind of physique . “You’re good, but I’m not that wet.”

“You certainly smell like you might be, thankfully you’ve dressed in a rather forgiving colour.” Hannibal said, as careful feet climbed the stairs of his home. “In any case, I was deciding if I should rip them from you.”

Will shrugged and said “I could always borrow some of yours.” Not really imagining anything other than the practicalities behind the act. Also the permission he’d just been granted to return the favour.

Please with the outcome of the query, Hannibal stole a kiss to show his delight with the suggestion.

Will remained ignorant of the implication and thought the tongues sliding over one and other was simply because Hannibal was as excited about the thought of shirt buttons popping everywhere as he was. He wiggled his bottom against the others hold.

Not only had the Omega instigated this evening, saw no problem with expressing his sexuality and challenging nature, but also saw no qualms about wearing his clothing.
The thought of Will wrapped in his scent as he entered Quantico to the raised eyebrows of his colleagues has Hannibal quickening his step at he navigated his way across the landing.

“Your room?” Will said, a little bit stunned by the lavish bedroom, as the Alpha gently toed the door open. Before less than gently throwing Will to the bed, with a soft bounce.

Hannibal stood there, master of all around him, eyes not once leaving Will, even with the other rolling his eyes at the display. “You would prefer somewhere else?”

“No. This is fine.” Will had propped himself up on his elbows and was looking at the room in question. Hannibal’s house, despite how pristine and immaculate it was presented, it was clearly a space the other took pride in, always came across as cold and unwelcoming. It didn’t feel like a home. It felt like an exhibition. Eyes finally met the Alphas, who was studying him. “Come here.” Will ordered, spreading his legs.

Before Hannibal could crawl between them and loom over the Omega, a boot came out to push against his chest and halt him in place. “Thanks.” The younger man said, tapping his toe against the pristine white shirt.

Despite the brief annoyance, Hannibal still found himself unknotting the laces, and slipping off the shoe. The other also being thrust up for him to take care of, as Will enjoyed the feeling of his sheets against his skin.

The image of the Omega enjoying the finer things in life did soothe Hannibal’s growing ire. Both boots removed and deposited next to the bed, Hannibal crawled over the profiler and smiled down at him, maroon eyes drinking in the gorgeous site.

While distracted with admiring him, Will moved his knee up, to lean against the Alpha’s hip, before bracing the other leg against the mattress and pushing. The motion caused the pair of them to flip, clearly quite unready for the sudden tumble, Will triumphantly landed straddling the doctor, smiling down at him. “My turn.”

Slithering down the older man’s body, peppering kisses on his jaw and neck, his fingers laced into either side of the white shirt before yanking. Buttons flying everywhere, and skin exposed. Will only took a moment to admire the view, before seeing the anger in those red eyes, and the sour note in the man's scent.

Using his tongue and teeth to trail a licks and nips down the torso, Will had wormed his way off the bed before he found himself on his knees between the Alpha. “Admiring the view.” He mused, as his own hands worked to untie the dress shoes. Respectfully pulling them off, and leaving them next to his.

“Quite.” Hannibal said, now sitting up and looking at the brown curls between his legs, working to undress him.

He was appeased. It seemed Will knew just how much to test the water without finding himself plunged into the murky depths.

The thoughts of how the other might have gained such extensive knowledge was pushed away when Will’s steal blue eyes looked up to meet his.

They, again, paused like that, taking a moment to evaluate the other. Predator and prey, though it was hard to say who was which at this time.

Hannibal was the first to move, his hand coming up to lightly stroke across Will’s cheek, the pad of his thumb running along the Omega’s lower lip.

Will parted his mouth, tongue darting out to lick across the digit before his lips closed around the finger and sucked it into the warm and wet heat, tongue skilfully lapping, and swirling around.

A low growl rumbled in Hannibal’s chest at the sight. Removing his thumb with a wet pop, he encouraged Will to open his mouth as two fingers probed further in to the back of Will’s throat. To his credit the other man did nothing more than greedily lap at items in his mouth, while his hands worked to undo the button and fly of Hannibal’s trousers.

Once done, nailed dragged down the Alpha’s clothed tight as Will mouth snapped shut, and held the fingers in an almost bite. There was certainly enough pressure to leave an indent. When he released his hold Hannibal removed the hand, only to once again wrap it around Will neck. This time in a demanding hold.

Innocently smiling the Omega added “Tell me if I hurt you.” Which resulted in the hand tightening around his throat enough to cut off air for a split second.

“You are beguiling.” Hannibal said, as he removed his hand, so he could lean back on them, eyeing Will as he moved forward to release the Alpha’s erection.

Hands came up to the elasticated hem or the black silk boxers (because of course) fingers dipping in and searching down to find the member there. One hand wrapped around the length, while the other pulled down the waistband, freeing the erection from his clothed confinements. “You’re bigger than I expected.” Will hummed hungrily, as his hand twice pumped.

“If you feel unable to manag-“ Hannibal’s words fell silent in his throat as the warm wet heat engulfed his cock, all the way to the base. Will lasted a few seconds before starting to gag,

eyes watering and having to pull off. Saliva from his mouth attached to the head of Hannibal's prick.

"I think I can manage." He mused, as he now used his own spit to rub across the shaft. Feeling his slick starting to slide down between his thighs, Will was resolute in his assessment this had a lot to do with just how long it had been since he got laid, and less to do with the Alpha, who's scent lay thick in the room.

Leaning forward this time, Will placed the head of Hannibal's dick at his lips before engulfing it. Blowjobs were something he prided himself on. It was again, that feeling of power. Sure, you may be on your knees, head bobbing up and down, tongue working to swirl and lick along someone's manhood, but you were in control of the situation.

The Alpha brought his hand up to Will's curls, fingers threading into them. Judging by the clumsy, yet poignant response, he got from the other, where teeth brushed along his sensitive tip, Hannibal understood the warning there.

Accepting that Will was doing a fine enough job without his guidance, the Alpha immersed himself in the experience. A talented tongue flicking up, down and around, while hollowed cheeks sucked in and a head bobbed, pushing the tip of his cock to the back of Will's throat.

The increasing smell of arousal in the room and skill being demonstrated meant that Hannibal was soon finding himself feeling the familiar tightening in his lower body. "William." He warned, lowly.

The answer came in a hand fondling his balls, mouth still working to coax him over the edge, and soft moans and mewls were added on top of the sensory experience.

It wasn't long after that Hannibal found himself trusting his hips forward, hand holding Will's head still as he unloaded his seed into the Omega's willing throat.

Surprisingly, Will didn't seem overly fond of swallowing. The younger man sat there for a moment, having pulled off of Hannibal's member, mouth looking rather full, and head weighing up the pros/cons of gulping down the salty mixture.

Eventually making a decision, his Adam's apple bobbed as he took swallowed down the spunk, tongue licking clean his lips, as he titled his head to look victoriously at Hannibal. "That was quick." He quipped. "Pineapple?"

"Papaya and cinnamon." Hannibal corrected. [1] He was still running a hand adoringly along the others cheeks, which combined with the look of admiration and something else in his eyes that was making Will just the slightest bit uncomfortable.

Taking the glance away as submission, rather than Will feeling a bit misplaced on the end of such unwavering devotion, Hannibal pinched the Omegas chin between us thumb and forefinger, forcing Will took look up.

Using this hold he pulled the other up from his knees into a kiss. This meant Will found himself once again straddling the Alpha, but this time sat in his lap, being supported by the

hands currently massaging his arse.

Once against standing, with the Omega in his arms, Will quickly linked his ankles together, so he didn't slide down the other's body. Not that the action matter as he soon perched on the bed again. This time, with Hannibal stood, making a show of removing his ruined shirt.

Will didn't feel guilt.

The trousers and boxers soon followed, all being tossed into a laundry basket to be dealt with later, as the other stood preening in front of the ravenous eyes of the younger male.
One moment the good doctor was stood across the room, showing off his impeccable physique and slowly hardening cock, and the next he had Will pinned to the bed, rough hands ripping not just the buttons but the material. Pulling off the garment and throwing it carelessly on the floor.

This was followed by rolling Will onto his front, pulling up his hips and hands brutishly disregarding the dark blue jeans.

For some reason Hannibal had left his, rather tatty, grey (he regretted not having time to go home and change) boxers still on, which didn't release his own erection, but certainly showed up the increasingly growing damp patch over his hole.

Somehow far more intimate that presenting, Will moved to push his pants off, only to have hands slap his attempts away, and move them back to the mattress.

"If you do not keep them there, I am sure I can find a way to ensure it." Hannibal said, relishing the sight before him. Will took very little direction to end up presenting on the bed. Now the majority of the layers between them had been removed the Omegas scent was seeping into every corner of the room, mixing beautifully with Hannibal's own.

Rather than moving to repeat his previous actions and pull the clothing from the other, Hannibal took his time, running his nails up Will's sides, sliding them across the slick coated inner thighs and humming appreciatively at the way the others body responded to his touch.

Rather bored of being face down and arse up on the bed, Will wiggled his bottom to coax the other into just taking him already.

Instead of what he had expected, he instead felt hands pealing him out of his pants, and soothing the newly revealed skin.

The sound of a smack resonated through the room as Will received a thwack. In the silence he smirked, pushing his face into the mattress, hands coiling into the sheets as he said "Harder." And was immediately answered with another harsher slap to his behind. Then another.

Echoing groans answered each smack.

Once painted a gloriously red colour, in deep contrast to the rest of Will's pale flesh, the Alpha leaned in and ran his tongue along the cleft of the Omegas dripping butt. Before steady

hands pulled the cheeks apart and a tongue met the twitching ring.

When it came to eating him out, it appeared that Hannibal possessed the exact same qualities as when cooking. He was exceptionally talented, and enjoyed the way the flavours danced on his tongue.

It didn't take long until Will had turned into a quivering mess, as the except and unrelenting assault on his rim.

Skin drizzled with swear, he was doing his best to remain still as the invasive tongue lapped at the steady flowing stream of slick created.

"H-han, haniball!" Will managed to blurt out as he shook with the need for released. "I'm… you're.. I am. Gonna. Fucking, plea-will you just-uh-uh-uh."

Just as Will had done with him, Hannibal answered these desperate pleas by reaching around and clasping Will's cock. It only took the other a few pumps before he was releasing onto Hannibal's bedspread, moaning with the force of ejaculation.

Have you ever cum so hard you have a ringing in your ears? Yes. Will Graham was experience thing exact bliss, that even his knees couldn't hold him up as he laid in a puddle of his own slick and seman, trying to regulate his breathing.

"That was fast." Came the smug response from the Alpha before a hand strike him again on his arse.

Chapter End Notes

1. Are you talking about things that make sperm taste different? Yes, yes I am. Back

Wow, My pan-ass really just wrote 2500+ words on oral... The single life is going really well, thanks.

ᕕ(ᐛ)ᕗ

Feeling like y'all don't need the FBI to work out what happens for the murder husbands next.

Our First Intimate Exchange

Chapter Notes

This Chapter Is A Sex Scene

I hope you left room for dessert...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

By the time Will had gathered enough of himself to lean up and stare at Hannibal, he found the Alpha watching him while lazily stroking his cock.

Never one to admit defeat Will pushed himself out of his own juices before moving to crawl over Hannibal, pushing the other back against the headboard, as he made himself comfortable in their lap. “You’ve been holding out on me, Doctor.”

Smiling Hannibal inclined his head in a false apology, before looking up to once again meet the blue eyes that were looking into his own. “Patience is a virtue.”

Rolling his hips against the erection, Will hummed, not really paying much attention to what the other had said, mind still hazy post-orgasmic bliss. “Patience is never something I’ve been particularly skilled with.” Will said, reaching up some a callus finger to brush stray hair off Hannibal’s forehead. His own curls chaotically jutting out from his scalp.

It was an intimate moment. Both naked. Will curled into Hannibal’s lips, as the Alpha's hands looped around his middle to trace patterns into his spine.

Hannibal’s fingers taking in each mark on the skin, as he admired the beauty sat upon him. The way the weaning light from outside shone in the room, illuminating the Omega’s delicate, sweat coated skin. Highlighting the light pink cheeks and well kissed lips. Despite Will’s many edges, and classically Beta way of presenting himself, in this moment he looked adorable.

A view, Hannibal was sure, not many people had the opportunity to enjoy fully.

Their friendship seamlessly lent them to this kind of intimacy. It wasn’t just sex. Will was grooming through his hair, while they admired each other. Soft breathes breaking the comfortable silence. The room’s energy tangling to this moment, as their scents wove around each other.

It made it an easy atmosphere for Hannibal to drop his guard and allow his true feeling for the Omega to show. Not entirely. Just testing the water. Pealing off one of the many layers of his people suit. “You do not give yourself enough credit. I believe you restrain yourself, to your own detriment.”

There was an ever so slight shift in the way Hannibal was looking at him. It was no longer just lust that clouded those maroon eyes. It was the same flecks of something Will had seen before. His mind struggled to piece together exactly what he was seeing.

He was fortunate for the opportunity to catch his breath, and admire the view. Previously he had acknowledged how handsome he found the Alpha, but having him resting against the headboard, naked underneath him, Will was able to find a new appreciation. He was glad they had done this.

Pleased Hannibal was mature enough to have this kind of interaction without the needless romantic infatuation and drama that often entailed.

Rather than the demanding touches they'd shared when in the entrance hallway, hands could now take time exploring the exposed skin. The muscle lurking beneath bespoke suits.

"Do you charge extra for therapy while your cock is out?" Will sassed.

Returning the smile Hannibal added "No, but if it is something you would like to try, I am happy to explore more unorthodox methods." The laugh that pulled from Will was a delight to hear. Hannibal vowed to have the sweet melody fall on his ears more often.

"The question is, would it be published as a research paper, or erotic literature?"

"If you were willing to pose for me, I could incorporate illustrations."

"You didn't answer which." Will pointed out, shuffling his weight on Hannibal's lap, and leaning backwards, and stretching. Humming. "Quite the bit of risqué smut, though. An Alpha psychiatrists taken advantage of by one of his Omega clients. The scandal."

"You feel you have taken advantage of me, Will?" Hannibal asked, carefully watching the other.

At this question Will leaned forward, so they were sat bare chest-to-chest, one arm steadied against Hannibal's shoulder. "I think I am about to." Came the hungry reply, as the other moved his free hand him and proceeded to inset his own finger into himself. The low whine was purposeful and transparent. It was the same elicit response you may see from a porn star… despite the blatant manipulation it had the desired effect.

"I am more than happy to do that for you." Hannibal said, watching the expression on the others face as a finger wiggled in and out, opening himself up, his own fingers itching to cause the same response in the Omega. It would appear he wasn't quite as happy relinquishing control as he had anticipated. Will made him want to act on every urge he had. Including flipping the pair over and taking what was his. Restraining himself, the only indication to this inner turmoil was the way Hannibal's jaw set.

Will noticed. "Yes…" he breathed heavily, resting his forehead against Hannibal's own as he decided to add a second finger. "However, given that you just had me coming undone with your mouth, I can imagine you'd take great pride in pushing me over the edge again. Torturing me with pleasure." He paused for a moment, before adding a slightly more real

moan, body accommodating the girth filling him. “Not complaining, lovely thought and all, I’d just rather have your cock in me.”

The confident tone and candid words, combined with the barely audible squelch of fingers moving in and out of Will’s hole, and the hitch in the Omegas breath charmed Hannibal. He carefully watched Will finger himself open, mind planning just how he would take the Omega apart, piece-by-piece, until he was writhing in pleasure and begging for release at his hand. “As you wish.” He said, voice slightly deeper than usual as he feasted on the delicious images before his eyes.

This preparation was something that went on for quite a while. Hannibal’s control wavering with each second that slipped past. It was not helped by the fact Will seemed perfectly content in indulging himself, that he ignored Hannibal. “Are you imagining my ability to restrain myself is boundless, William?” The Alpha finally growled at the mouth-watering display of third finger being added.

“Busy.” Will said dismissively, rolling his hips back against his hand, three digits now working in and out of his hole. Spreading him wide. There was a growing stream of slick sliding down between the pair. Coating the Alpha’s thighs, as well as his own.

The smell of slick in the air was suffocating. Both of the men’s senses in overdrive, and yet Will didn’t seem in any way swayed by natural urges to allow Hannibal to take control. Adding to older man's frustration that he seemed more effected by the other than Will did by him.

A less that delicate hand coiled its way around the Omega’s and prevent any further movement. Fingers crushing bruising marks into the wrist. A plea or a warning, the Alpha wasn’t quite sure.

At this Will did look up from where he had been ignoring Hannibal in favour of pleasing himself, to see the desperate and near feral looking Alpha glowering at him. Despite the threat of danger behind the older man’s eyes, Will found the entire display incredibly sexy. Knowing he had managed to work the other into such a frenzy that the great Dr. Lecter was about to forget his own manners.

“Think I’m about ready.” Will hummed thoughtfully, no trace of apology in his tone. He rolled his body forward, stomach able to add just a bit of fiction to Hannibal’s neglected member, precum smearing across their skin.

While slowly pulling the three fingers free from the twitching hole, a droplet of slick trailing after, Hannibal met the action with a demanding kiss.

Will’s response was to deepen it. Tongues battling for dominance of the passionate exchange before Hannibal restraint broke and he sank teeth into the plump red lips. The bite drawing blood.

Blinking and pulling back, Will dragged his tongue along the newly split lip. Tang of copper meeting his taste buds. An unexpected smile pulled at he corners of his mouth at the response from Hannibal. “What was that about patience?” He teased before surging forward he

crushed their lips back together. Hannibal seeming to equally savour the taste as what felt like a war raged between them.

It came to an abrupt end as soon as Will had taken a firm hold on the Alpha's cock, rubbed it against his slick, coating it, lining it up with his hole and sliding down onto it.

They both moaned into each other's mouths at the feeling of the warm heat engulfing Hannibal's prick, and Will having to stretch further around the other, dick sliding in far deeper than his fingers had reached.

Hannibal brought his hands to add claiming marks on Will's hips. Steeling himself not to jut out his own hips and demand more fiction.

Despite the time spent opening himself up, Will still needed a moment to adjust to the thick girth now filling him completely. His body had been carving this for such a long time, he had to fight the urge to start bouncing with the rational that he'd rather enjoy not limping tomorrow. Well... he didn't mind the limp, but the knowing glances from his colleagues and the questions of *who* he would rather avoid.

Especially as the answer was a one night fling with Hannibal Lecter.

Having spend his last heat alone, the desire to move, despite the possible pain, was overwhelming. He wanted more. Needed it. And if the harsh grip on his hips was anything to go by, he wasn't the only one feeling the urges spurred by his their instincts.

He could only imagine how thick and filling the Alpha's knot would be, binding them together...

Finally, Will rocked his body, pulling up off the cock filling him, before delving back down onto, repeating the action slowly. Carefully. Blue eyes not leaving Hannibal as he repeated the action.

Hannibal was doing fairly well as holding himself back from the glorious temptation that was riding his stiff prick, until Will tilted his head back, throat exposed and almighty whine.

He knew what he was doing, this was to see the others reaction, and it had the desired effect. Just as the whine left his lips, Hannibal slammed his hips upwards while dragging Will's weight down to meet his own thrust. Really, the Alphas resolve could only endure so much before it snapped.

Hannibal continued to set a relentless pace. This wasn't about slowly building pleasure. This wasn't them sharing an intimate moment. This was raw. Primal. Desire. Need. More. Now. Mine.

Bodies slamming together as Hannibal worked in and out of Will, as the Omega moved to meet him. Dragging nails across Hannibal's shoulder, leaving red welts in his wake the Omega hissed "That all you got?" Before he found his challenge answered, by being tossed over on the bed. Groaning at the sudden loss filling him, before the familiar weight of the other loomed over him.

Those fantasies that were dancing across Hannibal's mind earlier could no longer be denied as he threw the other into his mattress, moving with speed and precision to kneel over Will.

Hands yanked at the Will's calves, placing his legs on his shoulders lining up his cock with the others entrance, before pushing himself back inside to the welcoming and wanton heat. Hannibal smirked at the way Will's back arched off the bed, and lewd noises followed. Such a good boy. So willing to take whatever Hannibal gave him. Brining himself pleasure on the Alpha's thick member.

Hips snapped forward, plundering into the Omega harder than before.

The Alpha fell forward, bracing himself on his hands and boxing Will in against the mattress. The action also forcing Will to bend almost in two as his dick reached further into the warm insides of the other, all the while drilling away with reckless abandon.

Trying to find something to do with his hands, Will found himself digging nails into Hannibal's forearm while trying to brace himself against the other. Lifting his own hips to try and meet thrust for thrust.

They had stopped using words, instead growls were answered by moans and groans. Their bodies coated in a thin layer of sweat as the moved together in a fiercely passionate fuck.

With the new angle and position on the bed, the Doctor was able to easily find Will's prostate. When the other had first found it, Will had screamed, head tossed back against the covers and nails finally breaking the skin on Hannibal's forearm. Knowing how overstimulated it would make the younger man, once Hannibal had found it began snapping his hips to meet the bundle of nerves on each thrust.

Although they had both already cum once, the unyielding peace and precision, as Hannibal hit Will's prostate with every thrust, soon had the pair nearing a climax.

Hannibal had leaned in, and pressed a light kiss to the side of Will's neck, causing the Omega to shiver. "Don-" Will was about to tell the other to not bite, when the answer came as another out of place, and delicate kiss to his lips. A delicate tongue lapping at the still sensitive cut from earlier. Pulling apart and leaving them shining, and slightly apart.

"Vieną dieną, mielasis." Hannibal silenced, in a tender moment that didn't quite line up with the inexorable fucking Will was on the other end of.

"Hannibal, Please. I need..." He was unable to finish that stream of thought, with a few more well timed thrusts, the Omega found himself convulsing on Hannibal's cock, bodying trying to milk the other, as his own orgasm shattered through him.

The sight alone was enough to have the Alpha following after, his hips jutting into the other, impaling his dick all the way inside as he came, grunting as he did so.

Chapter End Notes

First person to tell me what wasn’t there, I shall dedicate the next chapter to you!

Unwelcome Realisations

Chapter Notes

This chapter is dedicated to 'Beatrise26ss' who came in first place for their tip top detective skills. (=ᴗ=✿) If you were ever to stumble across something incriminating of mine I'd slice you up and stick you between some sheets of glass.

Second place was 'itsrebecca' who would make a lovely mushroom garden.

Third place was 'Repemimabu' who would be super snazzy cushion filling.

Most importantly, we all learnt it's best to practice safe sex, even if the murder husbands don't.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sweaty, breathless and drinking in the sight of a well fucked Omega underneath him, Hannibal slowly pulled out of the other man, watching as Will shivered and a mix of their slick and cum slid out as well, onto his bedsheet.

Though he wrinkled his nose at the idea of sleeping on the stained sheets, the idea of disturbing his blissed out partner to remove them was more of an unwelcome prospect.

Kissing the inside of Will ankles, he removed the Omegas legs from his shoulders and rolled to lay next to him.

A hand reaching out to entwine fingers together.

Frowning at that action, Will eventually managed to come down enough from his orgasm to take in his surroundings. The way both of their scents mixed thickly in the air, how Hannibal's thumb stoked tentatively across the back of his hand, and maroon eyes watched him with avid interest.

Shit.

That flicker of something that had been in Hannibal's eyes before, the one that Will struggled to name, was burning ferociously. In the swell of darkness the most obvious thought rattling it's way around Will's head was **"Mine."**

Despite what trashy romantic novels led you to believe about the whimsy of Omegas, Will found that Alphas were often the first to fall head over heels for their partner. The result of which was often catastrophic for all those involved.

The idea of possessing another human being was disgusting, and the possessive look Hannibal was fixing him with was making Will feel queasy. Suddenly their proximity was all too much, and Will's mind swarmed with red flags of the oversights he had taken.

The penny had dropped just a little too late, as Will managed to finally connect the dots.

"Uh, thanks." He said awkwardly, resisting the urge to snatch his hand away from the other, instead meeting the older man's transparency and vulnerability but shutting down his connection with him.

Now would not be a good time to empathise with Hannibal.

Hannibal watched as walls started slamming up before his eyes, tucking Will safely away behind them. It wasn't a reaction he had anticipated, but Will was always unpredictable. Far too familiar with the inescapable feeling of love for another to condemn Will for exhibiting the exact same behaviour he had fallen into when confronted with the profiler. He too had the urge to run away from the brilliant empath when the strings of his heart had been plucked upon their first meeting. He would coach the Omega through this. "You have no need to thank me, Will. The pleasure was *all mine.* "

The words made Will flinch uncomfortably as the realisation sunk in. Despite knowing he needed to look away from Hannibal, there was something else there that was keeping the Omegas gaze fixed. Eventually he looked away, feeling like he was trespassing across something Hannibal hadn't given him permission to see.

The problem with intricately woven people suits, was that it was hard to unpick the threads you wanted to show and not also pull forward the parts of yourself you didn't.

Will stared up at the ceiling, unable to look at Hannibal and the open love pouring from his eyes. ***Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.***

It was only as he thought of ways to escape (though jumping out the window seemed a little dramatic) did he pay attention the trickle of seman escaping his used hole. "You didn't wear a condom." He said slowly, almost hoping it was slick sliding down the cleft of his arse, rather than what he thought.

The smell of cum in the air was undeniable, and it certainly wasn't just hit own. Given that he had swallowed Hannibal's, that left very few options.

Rather hoping the other wouldn't have noticed that until the morning, Hannibal simply said. "I did not."

"I sai-"

Cutting him off before he could finish Hannibal attempted to soothe the other by pulling him in close, placing the others head on his chest, and stroking the damp curls. "I am afraid we were both rather preoccupied at the time. I apologies, but I won't take full responsibility for what was an accident." It was, in fact, rather happy accident if you had asked Hannibal.

Will was going to kill him. He was going to take and knife and plunge it through this egotistical bastards heart, and say ‘oops what an unavoidable accident’ while he watched the Alpha bleed out.

…That was an alarming thought. Choosing to ignore it, Will instead focused the rage, that was swelling inside him, onto pushing Hannibal away and glaring at him. “Do I look like a fucking dog? Don’t stroke me!”

The response he got was a blink, before Hannibal’s own walls came slamming up and the love in his eyes was hidden behind an impressive mask.

It felt as cold as the décor of this house.

“We cannot do anything about this now, Will. Might I suggest we have dinner and think of our next steps calmly?”

“My next steps.” Will said, climbing off the bed and looking at the clothes that were currently shredded in piles on the floor. He turned back to Hannibal, looking accusingly at the Alpha, despite the fact he had ripped the other’s shirt first.

With a deep sigh, the situation quickly escaping him, Hannibal got up from the bed and moved to his wardrobe to find Will some clothing. It would do no good to trap the Omega here. He would bide his time, give Will time to collect himself, come to terms with his love for Hannibal before he pushed the other any further on the matter.

Handing over a pair of black trousers, a cashmere sweater, that would sit just a little too large on the frame of the agent, and then moving to his draws to pull out some pants for the other man, Hannibal was shocked to see Will pulling on the jumper, not taking a shower first.

His inner Alpha purred at the prospect.

The other would be travelling home, covered in drying slick, a mixture of their cum, his scent and all the newly bruising marks on his hips.

Snatching the boxers from Hannibal, as the Alpha just stood there gawping at him, he pulled them on, followed by the trousers and his boots. “Look… I-“

Once again cut off, and hoping that wouldn’t become a habit of the older mans, he was at least reassured by the words. “You needn’t say anything, Will. I understand.”

“Good.” The Omega muttered, eyes casting to the door, as Hannibal seemed absolutely fine with just standing there naked.

“You’re sure you won’t stay for dinner?”

“No, I really need to be going. The dogs, you know? They need to be let out and…” That was a lie, Alana had already offered to do it that evening when Will said he had an important meeting. “Long drive.” He was itching the back of his neck.

“Of course.” Hannibal said, fairly levelled for a man who had just been told that Will didn’t return those feelings of love. Then again, that is not what Hannibal had heard, and instead saw a caged animal needing to flee from the reality of understanding and admiration. “I shall come and see you out.”

Moving past Will t he pulled on a dressing down, and held his hand out, directing him to the door and landing.

Will stumbled over himself trying to escape the room, and jogged down the flight of stairs. Head ducked, just praying he could leave without making this anymore awkward.

The sweet scuttling of the previously confident man was something Hannibal found endearing. He had now seen the full potential of the other, Will had no need to hide who he truly was around him. “Your jacket.” He said, holding the item out to the other before Will ran off into the night, as it looked like he was about to do.

Will took hold of it, tucking it under his arm as he glanced to Hannibal before moving to open the door.

Something the Alpha had calculated and moved to do at the same time.

Resisting the urge to jump back as they brushed against each other, Will wasn’t prepared for the other to lean forward and delicately kiss him. “Good evening, Will. Do let me know that you get home safe.”

With that Will stepped into the brisk Baltimore evening, sun having set and beckoned in the cool night air, while the two were wrapped in the throes of lust. Will tumbled down the steps. Rummaging in his jacket pocket he found his car keys, opening it up and climbing into the drivers seat.

It was only once the door had been slammed closed he allowed out the breath he had been holding.

Head resting on the steering wheel, he questioned it to himself. “Hannibal Lecter is in love with me?”

Chapter End Notes

> Can we get a big "well duuuuh" for the man sat at his front wheel, having a breakdown about what was pretty bloody obvious to the entire universe.

A Matter Of Avoidance

Chapter Notes

I got lost chasing a plot bunny for another fic, but here is an update!

This part of the story contains some vague(ish) details of a non-cannon murder scene.

Using the back of an oil covered hand to push his glasses up the bridge of his nose, Will sighed as his phone once again buzzed against the hard wooden floor of his living room. The FBI were currently in the middle of a case, but Will refused to spend his time haunting the walls of Quantico in case he ran into Hannibal Lecter.

It had been three weeks since the pair had last seen each other, and Will had since been ignoring calls, messages and numerous gifts that started arriving at his home.

The Omega knew he wouldn't be able to avoid the other forever, but at the moment he didn't have enough time between the darkness clawing at his mind to show the truth of crime scenes to stop and think about his personal life.

Glancing over at the name, Will tried to rub as much filth off of his hands, onto his jeans, before picking up the device to answer.

Are you planning to tell me why you've been working from home for the last few weeks? –BK
Is everything alright? –BK

Everything is fine. –WG

He should be thankful he had people who cared about him, he supposed. It wasn't exactly like he was a warm ray of sunshine when it came to spending time with his friends.

Will had seen Beverly at the latest scene, and hardly said two words to her. No wonder she thought something was off.

Oh good. I was worried something awful might have happened when you became more of a cantankerous recluse. –BK

The insult managed to pull a smile to his face for a moment, before paranoia crept in, once more souring his mood.

Did Jack put you up to this? –WG

I'm your friend, Will. –BK

He took far too long thinking of a response, his phone once again flashing with a message.

You understand I will just come to your house, right? –BK

I know. Sorry. –WG
I'm fine. Everything is fine. -WG

The Omega didn't know how to talk about it. How did you even go about saying that you managed to miss Hannibal being in love with you and the man wasn't taking no for an answer when it came to pursuits of the heart.

He was a grown man, why did it sound like he was still in high school?

You may want to return to the office soon. I am running out of places to hide them. –BK

Hide what? The answer dawned on him, just as quickly as the question had.

For fuck sake. Not there too. –WG
I'm going to kill him. –WG

I believe it's supposed to be romantic? It's worrying just how little your psychiatrist knows you. –BK

Not my psychiatrist. –WG
And he /does/ know me. That is why he is making it such a public display of affection. Sending bouquets to flowers to my house wasn't getting him the response he wanted. –WG

Wait. You've been avoiding the Bureau because you know Hannibal Lecter is bombarding you with gifts? –BK

And he might be there… He has an unfortunate habit of just showing up where you least suspect him. –WG

How good are you in bed? –BK

Again, a laugh fell from his lips as he typed back a response. He should have know Beverly wouldn't have done anything other than mock him for being in such a ridiculous situation.

Lots of practice. –WG

Which he knows about? –BK

Uhh. Sort of? Maybe. –WG
There may have been a slight miscommunication when it came to us sleeping together. –WG

But torturing me by openly courting me is hardly likely to warm me up to the idea of dating! –WG

Maybe he just wants round two. You know what they say about angry sex. –BK

It was a jab at the case. She wanted to pick Will's brains. Ah. The lab reports must have come back with no evidence confirming any of his suspicions.

One thing he had noticed about his time away from Quantico, was how Jack seemed to be bulldozing everyone else for a change. Clearly Alana was pulling some strings and guilt-ing Jack into creating him enough space.

He wondered how long that would last.

You end up knee deep in a marshland, trying to piece together the several bodies being pulled up? –WG

I got the labs back, there was no traces of semen on the victims, Will. Jack isn't going to buy the killer is doing this for his jollies when there is no evidence backing up your claims. –BK

It's about power. –WG

It's not controlled enough to be about power. You saw the way those limbs were hacked. It could have been done better with a rusty spoon. –BK

Will allowed his mind to wonder as he thought back to standing in the bog. Cold sludge consuming him. Covering up to his shin. Sinking. Birds chirping over head. The light rustle in the trees. Darkness. They were hidden there. Body's pushed to the bottom. Disappearing from view. Discarded there. But there was love. Why was there love? It wasn't as if they were garbage. This was special. Sentimental. Significant. Love. Together. See them. See me. Watch me. Love me.

Bringing himself back into his living room he blinked the shadows from his eyes and text Beverly back.

Power and control are two different things. Just because his method is sloppy, doesn't mean he's not getting a sense of power from the act itself. Think of the Ripper scenes, they're masterpieces. They take precision and planning. –WG
The difference is he doesn't see his art supplies as being anything but that. This killer does. He hides the bodies away when he's done with them. His power is coming from what he is doing. –WG

There was a long pause. So often his thoughts were called back to the Ripper. He was aware he would pedestal the tableaus. Compare other killers to. When asked he would say it came from a place of disgust… but he couldn't help the worry that it was simply admiration that came without any question.

He was exactly what the Chesapeake Ripper craved. A captivated audience who understood the majesty of his artwork.

“This is my design.” He mused into the room before rapidly texting back Beverly.

He’s not the one getting off on this. –WG
There is two of them. –WG
Someone is watching and enjoying the lack of control the killer shows, and the killer is enjoying feeling powerful. –WG
2 unsubs. Tell Jack. –WG

You got all that from thinking about the Ripper? –BK

He has a way of getting inside my head. –WG

Incorrect Assurances

Chapter Notes

Two chapters in one night? Aren't you a bunch of lucky duckies!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will had expected Jack to be dragging him into his office to lecture him on the importance of giving his full attention to cases. An emotional blunder buster of how they would have caught the last two suspects sooner if Will hadn't been stubbornly sat at home. The importance of teamwork, and using the resources he had available to him. The need for order. Paperwork. Protocol. How even while working a case he was expected to continue teaching his lectures, not just palm them off to whoever else he found to fill the slot.

None of that came.

Instead a very agreeable Jack Crawford sat across from him *thanking* Will for his assistance in the case.

Praising his insight.

"What's going on?" Will cut the Alpha off mid compliment, a slight twitch of disapproval in Jack's eye brow before the black Alpha signed heavily, and slumped back against the leather office chair he was sat in.

"Nothing is going on." He said, defended, tired not only from work. This whole situation was a mess he didn't need.

"You're being nice to me." Will said accusingly.

"I am often nice to you." Jack said, his own turn to be offended by the exchange.

Will chose to ignore the sarcastic comment that laid on his tongue. Subtly sniffing the air he tried to see if the other was nearing rut and perhaps feeling a tad more nurturing.

But Jack nearing rut would usually just become far more brittle. Will was confused.

Gently broaching the subject, in an uncharacteristic show of tact, Jack asked. "So how have things been?"

"What *things* would these be?" Will countered, leg wobbling, and hand soothing on the pant fabric as he avoided eye contact.

"We're going to have to talk about it eventually, Will… and if not with me, then with HR."

“Have I done something concerning?” He said, at a loss on where this conversation was going until Jack’s response hit him full force, making his attention snap up.

“Hannibal assures me there will be nothing but professional conduct between the pair of you if I have you working the same case together. You have to understand that even a bonded pair working together in the field is highly irregular.”

Will couldn’t believe this. This had to be a practical joke. Any moment everyone would spring out of hidden locations in Jack’s office and they would laugh about how ridiculous the idea Hannibal was not only his Alpha, but was in any way allowed to speak for him, was.

The party of pranksters never came forward.

Gritting his teeth Will was able to just about get out “What makes you think me and Hannibal are together?”

“Other than the assortment of flowers that are mysteriously appearing all across the building?” Jack often felt that people forgot he was head of the BSU and not completely blind to the world around him. “Dr. Lecter had me and my wife for dinner to discuss this. He was worried it was causing you distress.”

“You… had a dinner party. Where you discussed my sex life over … pudding?” Will wasn’t sure if he wanted to scream or laugh.

Bristling uncomfortably at the thought of his best agent having sex with his dear friend, Jack pinched the bridge of his nose between his forefinger and his thumb. “I know this is quite the adjustment for you…”

Will finally snapped. “What!? Being gas lit into a relationship!?”

Jack didn’t respond, just raised a brow.

“Me and Hannibal Lecter are **NOT** a couple! We’re never going to be a couple!” He shouted, fingers knotting into his curls as he did so. “Has everyone lost their fucking mind?”

“I know the idea of being courted can feel quite dated and traditional, Will.” Jack tried to soothe, thinking this was just an overreaction to being caught out. “Bella went through the same thing.”

“You’re not listening to me, Jack!”

“This won’t change anything about your work here. We’re not so backwards we’re going to go and ask Dr. Lecters permission each time we want you in the field.”

Will slammed his hands down onto Jack’s desk, forcing the other to look at him properly. The way fists curled against the wood, and his chest heaved with the energy it was taking to restrain himself. “We. Just. Fucked.” He growled out.

Staying silent for a moment, Jack just watched Will. This was very out of character for the Omega. He’d never seen him so angry before. Especially not directed at him. “Okay.” He

agreed.

"I would appreciate you not talking about me behind my back." Will said, still trying to hold in the rage making his muscles ache. "The whole reason I haven't been at work for the past few weeks is because I was trying to avoid him. Clearly he's not got the message."

The omega stalked across the room to the exit, wrenching the door open. He turned back to look over his shoulder as he did so. "You should be more worried about your *friend* " And although it had meant to serve as a warning, the tone and the door slamming shut after him as he stalked away, made the words that left Will's mouth sounds like a threat.

Chapter End Notes

Poor Will is acting so rationally about this whole situation people are going to think he's craaaazy ... Which is pretty much the start of series two.

Someone New To Show

Chapter Notes

Thank you **Mewtho9** for the plot bunny you gifted me! I am planning to use it soon.

Here is Reid Garcia. A minor OC, who is nothing like any of the Criminal Minds characters (because I totally started writing a version of Spenser and then got sad thinking about Hannibal finding out about this)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It may have been the dimply lit bar that caused Will to narrow his eyes in search of a suitable target, or perhaps it was the thin layer of smoke that seemed to cling to each and every surface.

A few bar flies sat drowning their sorrowing in the bottom of a bottle. An outdated jukebox, humming a fractured melody, mixing with the drunken drawl of chatter, broken only by a cackling laughter of a drunken woman provided ample ambience. A discouraged bartended, leaning against the back counter, paying no mind to the growing rabble of underage drinkers in the corner. A neon light flickering on and off, illuminating the area around in a blue hue glow.

The run down dive joint was exactly what you excepted a seedy hook up location to look like. Although he'd never been here before, it felt like a familiar hunting ground.

Will was at least thankful, at the rancid smell of beer and mould dulled his natural scent enough to allow him enough anonymity when it came to locating his own date for the evening.

He's already turned away a fairly pretty and persistent Beta, in search of someone with a more pungent scent.

Still seething from his interaction with Jack, the thoughts of Hannibal were hard to push from his mind. It wasn't just an act of rebellion it was a statement of freedom.

Will had no intention of being owned, claimed or marked.

He smiled coyly at the Alpha across the bar, tipping the head of his beer to the other, as he pressed the bottle neck against his lips and took a swig. It was a purposeful move, revealing the pale expanse of his neck.

The action lead the Alpha to lick his lips, and confidently move around the bar to take up the stool next to Will.

Ordering the pair of them two more beers.

Reid Garcia was a handsome enough looking man, the omega observed, shamelessly casting his eyes over the figure next to him. Usually Will's type. Now sat closer he certainly had the scent he required. A strong jaw line, deep green eyes, auburn hair that hung just a little too long, curling above his ear and glasses, a crocked nose from one too many fist fights and thin lips that spread into a welcoming smile.

You may not turn to look twice, as you would with Hannibal, but Reid was good enough.

His scent was thick and mouth-watering, cutting through the stale smell of the room. It would be offensive and effective in sending a message to the doctor.

Will shook his head, cursing himself for thinking of Hannibal, then Reid finally spoke up with a wonderfully southern twang. It reminded Will of home. "Are ya gonna give me ya name, Darlin', or have I got to buy another round?"

"I don't think my name is necessary." Will spoke in a husky tone, as lips now closed completely over the bottle head, tongue making sure to lick up any drops as he took another swig of the dregs.

"You a local boy, Darlin'?" The Alpha tentatively asked, not quite being able to believe his luck, that the best looking Omega in here seemed to be interested in going home with him.

Will hummed. He appreciated the charm of the other. He seemed quirky and in another life someone Will would like to have a conversation with. "Virginia, actually. Work close by. You?"

The man huffed a chuckle. "Out of town. You always one to burry the lead?"

"I wasn't thinking you needed my family history to take me to bed." There was a pause for a moment before the Omega decided to add. "Not like we're in need of a bed either."

A hungry look overtook the Alphas eyes, as he leaned in to stroke a finger down his cheek, threatening to pull the pad over his lips. "No." Will cut in, feeling like he wanted to reserve that sensation with his previous interaction. *With Hannibal.* "Not here."

Agreeing, and moving his hand back to the bar top he stroked a hand across the stubble on his chin. "I get ya. Mind you, you don't strike me as the shy type? Or am I about to fight your Alpha for you honour."

Will openly laughed at that. "I don't have an Alpha. Even if I did, I'd fight him to be with you." He purred, reaching his own hand out to smooth along the Alpha's clothed chest.

"Reid Garcia!" The man fumbled our, sticking his hand out like his Pappy had always taught him.

"Will Gra-Tes" If Reid noticed the slip up in with his fake last name he chose not to say anything about it. Something Will was thankful for. It would seem coming to a mutual understanding without being explicit was only something Hannibal Lecter couldn't manage.

He cursed himself for once again landing back on the Lithuanian Alpha. “Now you seem very sweet. You’re not going to need to court me and be traditional, are you, Mr. Garcia?”

Shaking his head the southern Alpha swigged down several gulps of his beer, to steady his nerves. “No, sir.”

Will smiled. He felt like he was about to eat the poor boy alive. “Can I level with you?” Reid nodded his head for the other to continued. “I’m really in need of an Alpha to take me.”

Almost choking on the mouthful of beer he had, Reid was able to swallow back the liquid before eyeing Will. “Where?” He asked, voice husky with want.

“Bathroom.” Will stood, between the Alphas legs and pushed an open mouth kiss to those lips, making sure to linger just a little too long. “If you think you can handle it.”

“Yes, sir!” Can the eager response as the young Alpha fell into step right behind Will, reminding him of an excited puppy, wide eyed and following their master.

Chapter End Notes

Y'all know where this is going.

The Chapter titles have recently had an overhaul, as I was struggling to think of more love heart style names for the three I have just written up.

Dishes Best Served Cold

Chapter Notes

> **This Chapter Is A Sex Scene** It is between Will and an OC (which I understand isn't everyone's cup of tea.) I think most of the interaction is him spent comparing it to Hannibal.
>
> The next chapter should make sense without this, but if not, hit me up in the comments with any questions!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Much like the rest of the bar, the poorly lit bathroom offered nothing redeemable as a place for a romantic interlude. The stark contrast between the disgusting men's room, with strange stains and various moulds growing in cracks and crevices was a stark contrast to the pristine sheets and eloquent décor of Hannibal's bedroom.

Will pulled his mind away from drawing comparisons as rough hands held his hips, pulling him back into the weight of the Alpha, thrust by thrust.

Neither of them had even bothered to undress, pants pooling round ankles as hot and heavy mouths left slopping kisses against lips.

This fuck lacked any of the passion and intimacy of his time laid under the weight of Hannibal Lecter. There was no hot breath in his ear, and maroon eyes looking appreciatively over his body.

No love.

It felt like a lot of the other sex Will had, had.

His body responding to the physical sensations, even if his mind was elsewhere.

As Ried picked up the pace with his fumbled juts of the hip, Will gripped onto the sink, trying to wiggle his arse ever so slightly so the Alpha might be able to find the little bundle of nerves that would make him scream.

Or moan.

Anything really.

It wasn't bad sex. It just wasn't particularly mind-blowing.

It felt like his body was betraying him as his mind supplied thoughts of how toe-curling his orgasms with Hannibal had been, as opposed to this.

“Harder.” Will growled out, as he pushed back to meet the other.

“Don’t wanna hurt you.” Each word was punctuated with a grunt from Garcia as he worked his length in and out of the Omega’s hole.

Perhaps it was just the contraceptive. Sex never felt the same with a condom. Evidentially Hannibal hadn’t worn one, so maybe that was why it had just felt better with the older man.

As the door to the bathroom juggled, Will having locked it so the pair weren’t having to charm into a tiny stall to hammer away, the Alpha slowed his rhythm to look over at it.

“Occupied!” Will shouted, unsure if he was angry that he’d had to take control or that the friction had stopped. “Reid, move.” The door rattling stopped.

With a huff the speed picked back up again. “You always so demandin’ in the sack, darl’?” There was a slight amusement in the tone, but equal annoyance.

Will made sure to throw in a faux moan just to humour the Alpha. For a few more moments they stayed like this, Reid pulling in and out of Will, and Will kindly encouraging the other ever so often with moans and groans that were a far echo from the noises he made when enjoying himself.

He would need to go find a better lay. Someone that took Hannibal from his mind completely. That was the only reason the Alpha kept springing to mind. Will was sure.

Shuffling forward, so the Alpha slipped free form him, Will turned and looked at the other. “This isn’t working.” Moving to perch himself on the end of the sink, Will kicked away his trousers and looked at the other, offering a smile, before dipping his head to look back down at the grey tiles.

He had a sneaking suspicion they hadn’t started their life that colour.

It wasn’t long before the other was pushing back into his hot, wet heat, and from this angle their upper bodies were closer, rubbing against one an other. Will made sure to brush his cheek against Reid’s shoulder.

Rub might have been the more apt word for what Will was doing.

“You’re so sweet.” Came the dreamy response of Garcia, watching the unruly Omega rub against him, covering himself in their shared scent.

Not wishing to ruin the moment by announcing he was actually doing it to piss off another Alpha, Will simply pressed a kiss to the Alphas lips in response. “I want you to cum on me.” Came the whisper in Reid’s ear, after the kiss was broken and Will’s nose dragged along the other’s scent gland.

That clearly awoke something in the Alpha, he pulled out of Will, a hand guiding the Omega to his knees, as he pulled off the condom and began to work one hand up and down his length.

Special Agent Graham tried very hard not to think about what he was kneeling on, or how much bleach would he needed to clean his skin now it had made contact with the floor.

Absorbed in thoughts about the cold tiles he was pressed against, Will was thankful his slick had stayed at a manageable drool, rather than coating the insides of his legs and causing this uncomfortable position to come with the added joy of a slippery surface.

An open mouth welcoming the other, as hands came up to hold Reid's hips as the man jerked himself off, unable to meet Will's eye, as the Omega looked above him, but nevertheless enjoying the view.

The sight alone, of the other on the floor, wanting this, was enough to send the Alpha over the edge, moaning lowly as his seed spilled from the shaft, shooting white globs and painting over Will's face.

To his credit, Will managed not to roll his eyes at the speed in which the other had come undone, and instead just stood up, moving to retrieve his pants.

Coming down from his climax a confused Reid managed to splutter out the question "What about you?" nodding to the clearly unsatisfied Omega, still half hard as he bent down to pick up his trousers and pull them on.

"Got somewhere to be." Will said which a shrug, finally looking over himself in the mirror, hand tucking shirt into his jeans. He looked like a mess. Moving past the Alpha he retrieved some loo roll from the stalls and began clearing himself up.

"Somewhere to be?" Came the disbelieving response as he pulled up his own bottoms. "I finish you off, I don't mind."

Will span around to reassure him. "No, it's fine. The real fun came from getting you off." He lied.

Successfully given the smug smile now on the other man's face. "You enjoyed it though, right?"

"So much." Pulling his glasses from his jacket pocket he popped them on his face before turn back around for a final once over in the mirror. "Can I have you jumper?" Will asked, eyes meeting in the reflection.

"Uh, I mean, sure, darl'. I guess. Why? You've got your own coat." Reid said, although he was shrugging the item off his shoulders, ready to hand over.

"The scent." A simple enough answer and the first bit of truth in this entire conversation.

Moving closer with the item Garcia draped it over Will's shoulder, pressing a soft kiss to the Omega's forehead. "I can give ya a life in my truck, if you want?"

“I can drive myself… thanks.”

“So, this is goodbye?”

Rather than answer, Will once again decided a kiss would leave enough room for interpretation that the Alpha would be able to get whatever response he wanted, and Will wouldn’t have to plicate him.

This was a mutual exchange. Will got the scent he needed, and Ried had a good time.

Moving back he nodded, sticking his arms through the hoodie he had just been gifted and fishing out his car keys going to the door.

When unlocking it, he was met with a very angry gentleman, clearly desperate for a piss, who shoved past him to take up that grievance with the Alpha still left in the room. The echoing “Couldn’t you find somewhere else to fuck that bitch?” followed Will up the hallway, as he made his escape.

His pace had slowed to see if that would elicit a physical reaction from the Alpha, but when the sound of hushed and apologetic tones met his ears, Will just sighed.

Odd he was hoping for a fight.

That he wanted someone to be possessive over him.

Thinking of the slowly deflating cock in his pants, he was sure the idea of an Alpha defending his honour was stemming from natural urges, rather than an actual desire.

He was actively trying to discourage a possessive Alpha!

No real time to examine this Will made it to his car, and slid into the drivers seat, a new determination taking him over as he turned the engine on.

He had an appointment to keep and it would be awfully rude to be late.

Chapter End Notes

This fic goes out to all those people with a deeply unsatisfying sex life(ಥ⌣ಥ) Hit Will Graham up, he gets you, baby.

Reid wasn't bad, as far as bathroom sex for revenge purposes goes ... He's just not ~~as good as~~ Hannibal.

(Also, shameless self-promotion time : You can follow me on Twitter @Mishiees ~ Honestly getting some Hannigram Shippers would be great, my thread is pretty Good Omens heavy and I think I scare them with my random murder husband talk, they're just too wholesome. (❍ᴥ❍ʋ) Come talk to me before I buy seven dogs, I already live in the forest.)

Etching Out Our Own Lines

Chapter Notes

> When I did my proof read of this chapter it gave off a few dub-con vibes. None of that will be happening in this fic! **All sexual interactions are consensual.** Even when we approach heat. Rest assured, Hannibal is just losing his temper and planning to kill Will…

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sat at his desk, fine lines etched their way across the page. The same image forming that had haunted his mind for quite some time.

William Graham, the brilliant empath had captured Hannibal's heart and mind completely.

The Omega's becoming would be glorious, thought would likely take some gentle guidance, which the doctor was more than happy to provide.

Using a finger to smudge out the charcoal lines, it added a faint blush to the Omega's cheeks as he laid sprawled against Hannibal's bed sheet. One of many memories that took pride of place in his mind palace. [1]

It seemed, these days, that no matter where he wandered, in those halls the ghost of the younger man was never far behind.

Picking up his wine glass he savoured the crimson liquid dancing across his tongue with a hum, before checking to see the time.

His plans for the evening was to extract some meat from a less than satisfactory customer service representative so he might approach Will with a meal. It had really been far too long since his dear friend had crossed his path. The echo of their second meeting, over *sausage* and eggs, could be replicated and enhanced so they might discuss the matters at hand.

Though their mutual friends had been very forthcoming with information about the Omega. He was firmly implanting himself within Will's life, much to their enthusiasm.

'A stable presence."' Was the ultimate conclusion when he had alluded to their budding relationship.

Though Hannibal considered himself a patient man, the way the Omega continued to avoid him was making him struggle to remain calm and collect in the face of such defiance.

He knew overstepping the mark with Jack would soon have Will coming to his door to initiate a fight.

Of course, he hadn't considered that to happen quite as soon, and certainly not on a night he had other extracurricular planned.

As a loud knock at the door pulled his attention was from the lewd sketches he was committing to paper, he tucked them away, delicately, before making his way to the door.

It wasn't proper for one of his patients to be dropping by unannounced and he expected better manners from his friend, so the psychopath was trying to work out who would be making a call to his office at such a late hour.

It was when he saw the familiar curls, a smile spread across his face.

Quickening his steps to the doorway, he stilled his excitement at the others unannounced arrival and pulled the door open.

Of course, the smile soon faded into a tight line as the smell rolling off Will in waves assaulted his senses. The excitement was replaced with something a lot more primal.

Mine

There was a moment of silence between the pair, as Will's blue eyes looked up to meet him rebelliously, daring Hannibal to comment, and Hannibal went through the internal battle of not allowing his person suit to fall.

The conflict seemed far more pronounced internally. Externally the only indication the Alpha displayed was the way his hand tightened on the door frame, his nose wrinkled in clear disgust and his pupils narrowed with an unquenched rage.

"William." He growled out, tone betraying him. "A pleasure to see you. Please, do come in." The tight lipped smile didn't quite meet his eyes as Hannibal opened the door just wide enough for the Omega to slip past.

Will knew exactly what he was doing as he brushed his body and offending scent past Hannibal. "Thanks." He muttered, shuffling his way inside and moving to Hannibal's office, presumably to take his usual seat.

Hannibal took great pride in the fact he allowed the other to walk by unharmed. Will was playing a very dangerous game, so caught up in his own indignation, he didn't seem aware of the predator in the room.

Now prowling after it's wayward little lamb.

Closing the door and locking it, he ensured the light was turned off to look like the office was left unoccupied as he followed the Omega into the room.

Instead of finding Will sat in the chair, as expected, the younger man was leant against the ladder, eyes watching the doctor's every movement.

"May I take the jumper?" Hannibal offered, purposefully using 'the' rather than 'your'. This wasn't an item of clothing the Omega owned, this was clearly taken from his latest conquest.

Very recent conquest.

Such a dangerous game to be playing.

Hannibal didn't need the offending garment to commit the scent, ***that shouldn't have been on HIS Omega's skin,*** to memory, but he could certainly use the item to create one of the many tableau that formed in his mind.

Will didn't answer, simply shrugged the hoodie off of his shoulders and moved to pass it to Hannibal, crowding the Alpha's personal space with a knowing smile. "Sorry to bother you so late." Came the direct lie.

A clenched fist took the jumper from the other, and moved to hang it on the coat hook… or perhaps throw it into the fire and watch it burn as he stripped Will down and reminded the other exactly who he belonged to.

Mine.

Smoothing down the fabric, as a way to soothe his anger, Hannibal managed to turn back to the Omega. "Your company is never a bother." 'Despite how hard you try and ensure it is.' "What is it I can help you with? Are you consulting on case?" You're certainly about to have several, Hannibal thought petulantly.

"If I was, I am sure Jack would have mentioned it over dinner the other day." Ah, this was a direct retaliation to the conversation Hannibal had engineered with Will's boss. This exact form of rebellion was certainly not something he has considered being a possibility.

The Omega before him was quite unpredictable [2] which was usually refreshing.

"Rarely do we make the time to discuss work over my dinner table." Hannibal said with a toothy grin, as he moved across the room to take his usual seat. His actions stiff and jarring, as he attempted to contain himself.

"Just fucking? How uncouth." Will snapped, as he joined the other man, throwing himself against the chair and closing off his arms.

"My relationship with you was something I felt needed to be discussed. In light of recent development the need for transparency was clear. "

"We're not in a relationship!"

"Evidentially." Hannibal said, in an aimed and cutting jab at Will.

It didn't stick, given the dark delight now dancing across Will's features. Normally Hannibal would relish the idea Will enjoyed tormenting someone so.

Rather than react with shame, the other simply laughed and clapped his hands together. "Finally, he gets it."

This was exceptionally cruel and impossibly impertinent, in Hannibal's opinion. "I was mistaken to imagine the best from you?"

Even the tamest predator will devour the meal placed before him, no matter the bond shared. Hannibal's appetite was growing.

Anything to fill the sudden gap ripping through his chest as the other continued to bludgeoning.

"The best from me?" Came the confused response.

"You are upset I did not see our interaction as meaningless, but instead perceived a romantic exchange. An oversight on my part. I will ensure that next time I leave the notes on the bedside table for you, William." He glowered lowly.

Shocked Will blinked a few times. "I'm not a whore, Dr. Lecter."

"Quite, you appear to lack the entrepreneurial spirit."

"Fuck you!" Will said, getting to his feet, fists bawling at his side as he stood.

Hannibal remained seated, an eyebrow quirking at this display. Pleased his off the cuff remarks were having the desired effect on his Omega and rattling him. "Cash or card?" He said, amused by his own joke.

Will launched himself across the space between the chairs, ready to land a blow on the other's cheek. Or nose. He didn't care. He wasn't thinking…

The Omega was met with a wall of muscle he hadn't anticipated, as in the split second he'd gone to land a punch on the others jaw, Hannibal had stood and captured the hand in his own. "Assault, William? I really had hoped you were better than all of this." Wrenching the arm behind Will's back, spinning the other on unsteady feet, Hannibal applied enough force it threatened to dislocate the joint if the younger man moved anyway he didn't want. The Doctor leaned in to scent him. Chest pressing against the younger man's back. Taking a deep breath in of the unwelcome smell that mixed with Will's own.

"Let go." Will said, knowing better than to struggle in this grasp, head still swarming with how quickly his attack had turned into Hannibal having the upper hand.

As requested the Alpha released and took a step backwards, maroon eyes not once leaving Will as the other turned to meet him.

"What reaction were you hoping to get coming to my office smelling of slowly drying slick?" Hannibal made a point of not mentioning any other fluid present on the other's skin.

"Exactly this."

"Then I am pleased to be able to accommodate you."

“Are your manners an overcompensation for your lack of sexual prowess?” Will dug, to the fury of Hannibal.

“Such childish insults are beneath you.”

“You just called me a whore… or, slut… whatever.”

Straightening his tie, Hannibal adjusted his cuffs and looked once more at the clock. The time he could leave and catch his next victim was quickly disappearing, and the Ripper felt inclined to find an outlet for this torrent of emotions coursing through him currently.

“Which I know you don’t believe.” Will followed up his previous statement with. “Considering…”

“I find talking in ambiguity a lot more useful when you plan to lead your point somewhere.” Hannibal stated.

“You’re in love with me.”

A slow blink, a beat of silence and Hannibal simply stared holes through Will.

Chapter End Notes

1.Less romantic and more ‘ah, stalker’ vibes, Hannibal, but you do you hun. Back

2. Except to all the bloody readers, of course, who saw this coming a mile off. Back

Awwwwh, shit, son. It's about to pop off! You're welcome for this cliff-hanger.

Praise Be The Cleanliness

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

There was something uncomfortable happening. Will couldn't seem to look away as the man before him seemed to try on every mask in his arsenal before settling for nothing.

Hannibal Lecter was very unhuman, in this moment.

Well, no, that was wrong. Of course Hannibal was human, but his ability to find the appropriate emotion at being called out seemed to be something the other was besieged with.

Not so much a narcissistic control freak then, as Will has previously come to conclude about his friend. A sociopath? A brilliant one at that. Filing that information away for later, the pair held each other's eyes. Curling breath the only thing breaking the heated silence and tension that formed between them.

This was the first time Will was seeing the other struggle to be anything other than perfectly put together in whatever situation he encountered. Had he not been so overwhelmed with his own emotions and the thick scent rolling off the other, alongside the one that still clung to his skin, he may have been able to put this picture together.

The 'nothing' expression that settled on the Alpha's face was chilling. It came with as much vulnerability as it did a threat.

Will finally saw the danger in the room. He simply didn't equate it to it's true source and instead attached it to base urges. This was biology highlighting the risk, not a puzzle piece.

This was just Hannibal Lecter.

The wolf in sheep's clothing, licking its lips at him.

Why was letting himself be seen? Or was this simply a mistake? Unable to control the hand he showed.

Rather than taking it as the communication intended Will met the offer with more anger, not wanting to allow his mind to delve into the meaning behind the signals. Overlooking the details screaming out at him was far easier in this moment, and meant he could tend to his own roaring feelings.

He hated bring manipulated, and he wasn't about to take it easy on the other just because he'd correctly called out him.

Heeding the warning in the expressionless glare somewhat, Will did at least put a few more steps of distance between the pair and spoke with less venom than before.

It seemed to soothe Hannibal, that he was at least smart enough to demonstrate this survival instinct.

“I’m never going to feel the same.” Will broached, keeping his words as measured as possible.

“You will.” Came the assured answer.

“Then you’re delusional.”

“Do you not feel worthy of my love, William?”

Biting back the immediate answer, Will simply rolled his eyes. “Have you stopped to think it might be nothing to do with how I feel about myself, and everything to do with you?”

That was clearly not a consideration the Alpha had taken into account. “By your own omission, you do not know me.”

“Well enough to know we wouldn’t make a good match. It’s not… Sex. That was... Look, I just don’t find you all that interesting.” Will answered with a shrug. A lie that didn’t sound true to his own ears.

Processing this new information, the older man across from him tilted his head slightly, to simply observe the other. There still wasn’t an emotion to be seen on his face. Hannibal was usually hard to read, the Alpha had now made it impossible.

It were as if, in fear of showing the wrong emotion, he had just selected to reveal none. Or maybe he was trying to unsettle Will?

“There will be no others.” Hannibal announced very matter-of-factly.

Will grounded, rubbing his temples to fend off the imminent headache from this entire interaction. “You see!? This is the problem, you have not got any say on who I do and don’t fuck! If I want to pick up an Alpha in the bathroom and ride on his knot for the rest of my evening that is none of your business.”

“I am not asking you, Will.” It was a threat. A threat made by cold red eyes, that watched Will with an unwavering hunger and commitment.

“Don’t you dare threaten me.”

The smile on the doctors face was enough to warrant retaliation. Will knew Hannibal could easily overpower him if he threw a punch again. Also if the other wished to growl and test to see the boundaries in which Will would submit. Though he was never one for falling on his knees at ire from an Alpha. Not unless he was close to heat.

Will decided for something far more childish.

Moving over to Hannibal’s desk, under the other's steady gaze, he picked up the half finished wine glass, downing this liquid before smashing it on the floor.

Shards splintering and landing across the carpet, at his feet. Will's blue stormy eyes never left Hannibal. Not satisfied with this alone his next action was to swipe everything on the desk, onto the floor, creating a mess.

Creating his chaos within the order.

It was territorial. Disrespectful... *UNFORGIVABLE.*

He was busy looking at Hannibal as an enemy. An Equal… not watching the subtle shifts in the other that were a clear indication to *run away*.

The mess that just so happened to reveal some sketches of himself. Paper falling delicately through the air, as all of the items on top of the wood were shoved off the surface, landing on top of the glass.

"You have got to be kidding me!" Wide eyes looked from the image of himself to Hannibal, who was no longer amused by the display, and simply advancing. Closing the distance between the pain.

Not quickly. It looked like he was holding himself back?

Trying to come to a conclusion.

A decision.

Trying to create space for Will to apologies and rectify this situation.

Will found himself pushing back against the desk, bracing for what was to come next.

He should have been more scared. This was… exciting?

A heartbeat away from being pressed into Will, just before strong hands could reach out grab him, a cleaner appeared in the doorway, eyes darting between the two men. "I'm so sorry!" She called out, the pair acknowledging the presence by pausing mid action.

Hannibal was the first to straighten, and turn to look over the woman. She must have let herself in, when seeing the lights off and door closed.

"Stay away from me, Hannibal!" Will said, in disgust, perhaps more at himself as he missed the palpable energy between them having been broken by the intruder.

Shoving past Hannibal, Will stormed from the room, not meeting the eye of the gawping woman as he fled.

Hannibal didn't trust himself to follow, he had been so close to harming the Omega, he needed to allow his rage to subside before making his next move.

The cleaner, was still just stood in the doorway, unsure of what to do, and exactly what they had disturbed.

An angry Alpha stood in broken shards and mess, with an Omega slamming the door to the office closed.

Whatever this was, it was certainly not good.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is dedicated to the cleaner for saving Will's life, because Hannibal was seeing red and 100% about to kill him. (He'd have been really sad after) Such an angry boi at the moment!

The Blood That Flows

The Copycat Killer : Quantico Cave Under the Body Count
By Freddie Lounds

Who is the killer running rings around the FBI? The sheer volume of bodies piling up in the morgue has them floundering for answers. This month a new crime screen has been put on display up with increasing frequency. Someone is enjoying a captive audience.

Recreations of the most infamous kills, each more graphic and disturbing than the last. View the *TattleCrime* gallery to see all the exclusive photos!

I hope you have taken my advice from the last article, time to lock the door and throw away the key as victim number seven is found. An imitation of Garret Jacob Hobbs - AKA the Minnesota Shrike.

Jack Crawford and the team, should be hoping the Chesapeake Ripper doesn't want to create an alliance, as the Copycat rampages across his territory paying homage to his fellow serial killers. Two murderous psychopaths would put the BSU out of business.

How is Will Graham, Special Agent, often seen consulting, an unmated and unstable Omega going to fair under the mounting pressure?

Insatiable Bloodlust

Chapter Notes

> In which we discovery Hannibal is the exact same manipulative dick he was in S1 – now with more murder!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

> “What do you mean we’ve got another one!?” Jack bellowed down the phone, making Will wince as he tried to focus on the scene before him.
>
> The ninth body.
>
> Now occurring with such frequency even Freddie Lounds was struggling to report each victim quickly enough.
>
> Will had hoped the ghosts had tugged away at the corners of his mind were laid to rest. Yet, once again the haunting him as images plagued him.
>
> He should never have read the *TattleCrime* article. What was it they said about curiosity?
>
> Garret Jacob Hobbs filled his mind. The Alpha smiling at him, as he bled out from the bullet holes. Voice echoing through the catacombs of his conscious with a simple “see.”
>
> The Minnesota Shrike’s daughter, Abigale, was also a ghost that pulled his attention away from work. Will had struggled with her death, having spend night after night at her hospital bed, often alongside Hannibal.
>
> The death had been a burden the pair had carried together. Their grief something that helped usher in a closer friendship. A mutual understanding. A shared pain.
>
> Will held guilt; The Omega struggled to shake the feeling of responsibility. It felt like he had a hand in taking her life and unlike killing Hobbs that did not feel just or fair.
>
> Hannibal held shame. The Alpha had expressed just that the morning after Abigail had slipped away in the night how rueful he was that he couldn’t have done more, despite the nurses commending him for his efforts to resuscitate the young girl. He was sorry he couldn’t protect her or Will from this cruel reality.
>
> Of course, this was before Hannibal had ruined everything and the man’s presence was missing from Will’s life.
>
> Drawing his mind away from his personal problems, the burdens of his guilt weighing on his shoulders, Will tried to let the pendulum swing, but was distracted by the people and

overbearing presence of Jack Crawford, passing along the squeaky hallway floorboards.

The Alpha's frustration had been slowly rising with each day. Not only was the team struggling to find any real connection to the killer, there was a media frenzy and pressure from higher up to resolve this.

Will didn't envy Jack… but the Alpha certainly wasn't helping rally the troops with his stormy mood occupying every free space in the area.

With each new body that popped up Will was preparing himself for all that anger to unleash on him. The pair had yet to come to a resolution since Will had tried to convince people that the first three bodies were the Ripper.

None of this made any sense.

Each loop felt like it had been gone over time and time again, there was one glaring thing they were missing, but Will couldn't see what that was.

No-one could.

This wasn't the Ripper. It couldn't be the Ripper. It was refined, it was chaos and blood. The artwork had taken on a sinister tone, no beauty, just pain.

Will couldn't help but wonder if he was holding himself back from empathising with whatever monster lurked behind this curtain.

Over the past month ~~nine~~ ten bodies had been found in the Baltimore area. Crude replicas of the FBI's cases. *Better versions*. Soulless versions.

The only common link was that this was the Ripper's hunting ground, but it made no sense for him to be reimagining amateurs work.

To what end? He already had the FBI in chaos, what did Will and the team pulling their hair out meet for him?

But who else would be allow to run rings around the BSU so spectacularly?

The sleepless nights and mounting pressure had Will feeling unstable.

It didn't help that most of the team was under review and observation as the consensus was *someone* had to be sharing information for these tableau to be so well constructed. On top of frequent mandatory 'check-ins' with Dr. Bloom.

Will felt like time was evading him. He seemed to be skipping from one moment to the next and losing bits of himself in the process.

It was being stripped bare and exposed, without the ability to articulate his thoughts through his therapist and get reassurance he wasn't mad.

Jack finally came to stand beside the Omegas, the anger rolling off him in waves. “Anything?” He grunted.

Shaking his head Will took off his glasses and cleaned them with his shirt. “I can’t see anything.”

“Are you even trying, Graham?” came the chipped response, as Jack laid a firm hand on his shoulder and guided him off towards the corner of the room.

With a defeated and honest reflection on himself, Will tried to broach just how broken he was feeling. “It’s getting harder and harder to make myself look.”

“No one is asking you to look alone.” Which didn’t feel like the case at all. The support structures the FBI was putting in place, to keep him in place felt like punishments and shackles. They were worried about his ability to perform. Not worried about him.

“But I am looking alone, and you know what looking at this does.”

Jack sighed, trying to keep a level tone. Commenting “I know what happens if you don’t look, and so do you.” Was it supposed to sound so much like Will was being selfish for trying not to crack apart before their eyes?

“I can make myself look, but the thinking is shutting down.”

“Let me tell you what I think. I think the work you do here has created a sense of stability for you. Stability if good for you, Will.”

“Stability requires strong foundations, Jack. My moorings are built off sand.”

“I’m not sand. I am bedrock. You doubt yourself, you don’t have to doubt me too.” But Will did. Jack’s priorities weren’t about him, they were about this case. Any case. They always would be and the other had no qualms about making that apparent.

Will felt the anger curling in his fists at the realisation Hannibal had been one of the few people to genuinely care about him as a person.

“I’m doing my best, Jack! I’m one man!” Will shouted back, voice carrying over the scene alerting other. Immediately catching his tongue as the rest of the team turned heads to look at this he dropped his gaze to the floor.

“Ten.”

“I know, I’m trying. I just…” He gestured to the tableau before him, hand waving over. “I can’t.”

Jack was cold, willing to sacrifice Will for the sake of others, and he was done waiting for the Omega to be comfortable. “Then I will find you someone who can.”

Frowning Will’s eyes finally darted up to see his boss, only to have the other continue. “ Dr. Lecter-“

“No.”

“Dr. Lecter has already agree to assist you with this. His guidance has helped you before, and it will again. I need you in the game, Will.”

“Jack, you can’t force m-“

This was the breaking point, where Jack rounded on Will and prodded a harsh finger into the Omega’s chest. “I don’t care that you let him fuck you! I don’t care about your childish drama! I am not giving you the choice. You are working with him and we are catching this monster.”

Will opened his mouth to protest once more, but the words died in his throat as a very Alpha growl ripped through the room.

Generally frowned upon in professional setting there were a few instances where no blame would fall on an Alpha for an abuse of authority like this. They were just ‘acting on urges’

Just as Will was when a soft whine followed the growl and he bared his neck, trying to plicate the other.

Bright red cheeks soon followed as he glared at Jack. The other didn’t seem in any way apologetic for causing Will do to that.

That was humiliating. Not only did everyone now know of his sex life with Hannibal, they’d just watched as Will submitted.

“Take ten, Graham. I’ve asked Hannibal to join us here so we can go to the next one.”

Nodding his head in defeat, and making a hasty retreat Will slipped from.

Quick feet stepped along floorboard, leaving the first floor of the house, making his way from the scene. Looking for somewhere to escape the growing noise in his head. Just for a moment. To gather himself together before he was trapped in a car with Jack. Or even worse…

Unfortunately the path he had chosen led him straight into said man.

Colliding with Hannibal, as he flung himself through the front door, onto the porch he nearly knocked himself off his feet. The only thing preventing his tumble to the ground was the pair of strong and steady hands that came out to support him.

Chapter End Notes

Welcome to the AU in which Hannibal totally killed Abigail so he could get closer to Will with their ‘shared pain’. Also, why do you need to adopt a daughter when your long-term plan is bond and have little cannibal babies of your own?

A Moment Of Calm Before The Chaos

Chapter Notes

> Perhaps you're wondering what the heck is up with my upload schedule. Well, I'm an insomniac workaholic currently in a creative fever and am hoping to have this whole fic done by the new year. (So, I can start on part 2?)
>
> Anyway... Lets do this! ᕙ(⇀‸↼‶)ᕗ

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Will." Hannibal said, clearly shocked the other had run into him at such great pace. He pulled his hands way in a dignified manner. "Apologies, I was informed to meet you and Jack upstairs."

Will was grateful for the other releasing him from the hold so quickly. It seemed as if the time apart had given Hannibal a chance to reflect, and rather than the angry predator stalking across the room to accost him, he was met by the concerned compassion of his friend.

The maroon eyes offered nothing but acceptance as he took in the dishevelled and stressed Omega before them.

Will wished he had time to reflect. With this new killer he had hardly found time to sleep, let alone evaluate his relationship with Hannibal.

Though they hadn't parted on best terms, he was pleased to see a familiar face now, following on from the uncomfortable exchange a few moments prior.

"I… Needed some air." Will said softly.

Hannibal stepped aside, leaving the other plenty of room to walk around him, which again, only made Will feel a slight twang of guilt.

Perhaps he had been slightly cruel. Hannibal loved him, and Will had decided to humiliate the older man, rather than have a conversation about it.

"Did you drive?" Will said, not moving from his sport.

"I did." Hannibal agreed tentatively, clearly trying not to misspeak.

"Are you up to date on the cases?"

"I've been given rather limited information. I must confess most of the details have had to be gleamed from reporting, rather than official sources." There was a long pause for a moment

before Hannibal delicately added. “I don’t believe that is why I am here.”

“You’re the band aid.” Will mumbled angrily.

“Would it be too forward to suggest we find somewhere to speak?”

Will shook his head, then decided to clarify. “I’d appreciate that.” Which was the most truthful thing he had said in a long time.

Holding a directing hand out, Hannibal nodded in the direction of his car, allowing Will to take the lead and falling into step beside the other.

The familiar silence that enveloped the pair was a forgotten comfort. Sliding into the passenger side of the car, Will was thankful for the space away from the chaos.

Hannibal joined him. Revelling in having the Omega so close and the scent of the other free of any lesser Alpha. “How are the dogs?”

Will chuckled at that. “Lonely.”

“I imagine you have been quite busy lately.”

“An understatement.”

“No forts in the bone arena of your skull for things you love.” Mused a line from a conversation they had shared previously.

“I hate Alphas.” Will said, rather abruptly, causing Hannibal to shift. He waved his hand, pressing his temple to the cool window of the car as he spoke, trying to will away the headache. “Not just you.”

Taking a small comfort from that Hannibal smiled. “And what is it Uncle Jack has done?”

“Growled at me. I *submitted*.”

Hannibal took a moment to process that information, as well as the protective feelings that arose from that blatant and inexcusable abuse of power. “You seem more betrayed by Jack than by your own body.”

“I have nothing against my body. I embrace my true nature.” Hannibal resisted commenting that only the parts society finds acceptable and fits with Will incorrect sense of morality. “I know when things are more stressful I’m prone to responding to my urges. Jack had no right to use that.”

“As of late you have had your power threatened. Tell me, Will, how does that make you feel?”

“I’ve been thinking of Hobbs more.”

“Understandable, you confessed to me yourself that it felt just.”

“It felt right. It was the last time I can remember things feeling right… I thought a lot of my frustrations were due to me not meeting my physical needs.” Will cleared his throat, finally pulling his head away from the cool surface to meet Hannibal’s eyes. “But, I think I’m changing.”

“Becoming.” The psychiatrist offered.

“What if I don’t like the reflection staring back at me?”

“Do you feel as if you don’t know yourself anymore?”

“I feel like I know more of myself.”

“Then, you should consider this a great fortunate. Many people struggle to carve out there own identity along the weight society inflicts upon us all. Better to live true to yourself for an instant than never know it.”

Will felt better, nodding in agreement. “And how are you?”

“Your true self likes to engage in small talk, William? I see why you’re so perturbed by this new understanding of yourself.”

Both men sharing a warm smile at the humour before Hannibal broke it.

“I should perhaps go an announcement my presence to Jack. Am I to understand it that you will be getting a ride with me to our next location?”

With a curt nod, Will rested his head back against the seat, closing his eyes in an attempt to steal a few minutes of sleep before the noise in his head once more took over.

Chapter End Notes

Awh, isn't that sweet? They're friends again... BUT WAIT THERE IS MORE

Arranging A Rendezvous

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will came to an unwelcome realisation as he sat thinking about Hannibal. The Alpha had almost complete changed since their heated exchange in his office.

The other was measured, warm, protective but not possessive, and understanding.

“Does Hannibal think I’m pregnant?” Will voiced to Winston, dog muzzle nudging his leg in demand of more attention, Will trying to reason with the sudden change to the other’s personality.

It was the only way to explain how docile and amenable his friend had become. Since their rekindling of a platonic relationship things had been going well.

Though they hadn’t interacted outside of a work capacity.

Frowning, Will looked down at his stomach. He was not pregnant. This was something he had made sure of after the night the pair had slept together, forgetting protection in favour of pleasure. Using the morning after pill, taking a home pregnancy test each week and having Beverly run his bloods, he knew this was the case.

But maybe the Alpha had other ideas?

Gulping back his fifth scotch of the night, celebrating two weeks without a new Copycat scene, Will wiped the drip from the comer of his mouth and wiggled in his chair to pull of his mobile.

He needed to test this theory.

Would you like to have dinner? –WG

Though I appreciate a darker side to my humour, this is perhaps a bit soon to be making a joke out of. –HL

Will didn’t understand the response, until he scrolled back up through his texts to see the almost exact same wording being a way he had initiated their one night stand.

Fuck. No. Sorry. –WG
I mean actual dinner. –WG

It would be a pleasure. I have been looking for an occasion to try out a new recipe. –HL

You don’t need to cook, Dr. Lecter. We can go out. –WG
Sushi, maybe? –WG

Will sent the text off, watching his phone for the answer, only to find his suggestion easily dismissed. Further evidencing his theory.

Although I welcome you expanding your dining experience beyond ready meals, I enjoy cooking. I fear, it would be more of a burden to try and find an establishment to suit both of our tastes. –HL

Fine. Tomorrow? –WG

Allow me until Friday. I will need some time to source the ingredients. –HL

What wine shall I bring? –WG

That won't be necessary. –HL

Can we have some of that Pate from your dinner party? -WG

Perhaps he was being a bit too obvious with his requests now… Hannibal took some time to respond before shining the spotlight back onto him.

I'm not certain it will be the best starter for the dish I have planned. May I ask why you are attempting to curate your own menu, Will? –HL

Apologies, It's been a while since we shared a meal. –WG

Clearly to be able to move along in their friendship they needed to clear the air. A pleasant meal would be just the place to do that.

Far too long. I look forward to rectifying this. –HL
Take good care of yourself, William. I shall see your at 7.00PM on Friday. –HL

Chapter End Notes

> Just throwing it out there, Will. Maybe Hannibal has changed his entire personality to lull you into a false sense of security before doing something horrific? Or. You know. A cute redemption arch. Probably that. (ˋ_ˊ)

As Plans Unfold

Chapter Notes

Three chapters in one day? You lucky things.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal smiled at his phone. Leaning back in his chair, as he glanced over to the jumper he had left hanging from the coat hook in his office. A constant reminder of Will's betrayal and fuel to the fire of his simmering rage.

Although the Copycat scenes had served the primary purpose of soothing his bloodlust, they had also been an opportunity to enact his plan on Will.

It had worked faultlessly.

The added pressure applied to the FBI had cultivated the perfect conditions to shake Will's foundations. As predicted, rather than Jack being the welcome port in the storm, Hannibal had ultimately been the person Will decided to anchor himself to.

They had rekindled their friendship and any ill feelings now only existed in their minds, rather than being outwardly displayed.

However assured he now was of the role in the Special Agent's life, it certainly wasn't the end of his plan. The wheels in motion for something far grander.

If the interaction had taught him anything, it was that Will Graham posed a significant threat to his way of life.

Hannibal couldn't allow to continue without consequence and retribution.

Then, once he was seen their romantic entanglement could continue. Will as his side, following on from his becoming.

The pair equals in every aspect of their shared life.

The time with he would be the Omega's as much as Will would be his.

Bonded.

But first, he had a meal to plan.

Reid Garcia was the Alpha who has so carelessly put his hands and scent over ***his Omega.*** This was something that entitled the other to a very special call from the Chesapeake Ripper.

The image of exactly what fate was about to befall the man was a tantalising treat Hannibal's imagination had been creating from the moment Will had run from his office.

Chapter End Notes

Awh, it wasn't a sweet redemption arch at all. Hannibal is still a bastard and poor Will is not even in the same book, let alone the same page.

Fair waring, **the next to two chapters will contain descriptions of murder** if you would like to skip, the story will hopefully make sense without it. If not, hit me up in the comments.

If anyone is wondering where the smut has gone, I am building to it... I just wrote an elaborate plot, going all around the houses, to get there.

The Murder Of Reid Garcia - Part One

Chapter Notes

> **This chapter includes descriptions of murder/torture** (of an original character). Please skip it, if it is not your cup of tea. The story should still make sense without it, but as always, you can hit me up in the comments.

Blinking away the darkness from the corner of his eyes, the younger Alpha tried to rouse himself for unconsciousness, head lulling from one side to the other as he tried to get his baring.

The sterile white lights far too bright for him to do more that crack an eyelid open before once again screwing them shut.

Last thing he remembered was falling out his front door at an early hour, so he could get to work. The fresh morning air had cleared away the fog of sleep and the burn coffee taste rested on his tongue. Once getting to his truck he'd fished around in his jean and jacket pocket trying to find the items that would allow him entrance to the vehicle. Clearly he wasn't awake as he thought because having checked both pocket twice he slumped against the car in defeat.

About to turn around and trudge back inside his house and find his keys, arms wrapped around his throat. Applying pressure. Cutting off oxygen. Choking him out.

He'd flailed, trying to shift his attacker's weight and get the upper hand. He'd tried to scratch and strike back, but to no avail.

Eventually spots danced before his vision and his body submitted to the darkness that beckoned him.

"M'head." Reid groan, trying to get his way to his feet, and see what had been stolen from his house but as he moved the limb a sharp pain rocketed through his body making him cry out. He looked down to where the source of anguish was coming, his head unable to make sense of the sight.

Kneeling against a white tile for a stainless steel metal spike was pushed through his thigh and his shin ensuring he remained propped in the position.

"Good evening." Hannibal said, nonchalantly, looking over the Alpha knelt before him.

"WHAT TH-" A rough hand clamped around his jaw, fingers jamming into the two pressure points to make it fall slack. Cutting off his words with a muffled cry.

“That language won't be unnecessary.” The Chesapeake Ripper said using the other hand to bring up a metal utensil that he forced into Reid’s mouth, before screwing it open to prevent any biting.

A scream still ruptured from Garcia’s throat, much to the disapproval of the man in a plastic suit, who’s maroon eyes narrowed.

Once again tight hands coiled around his throat, forcing him into unconsciousness a lot faster this time. Probably helped by the immense amount of adrenaline his body must have been pumping around not to feel the spikes welding him to the floor.

This time, upon waking, Reid was able to pull himself into consciousness a lot sooner. Immediately aware of the threat, ready once more to call for help. But when he went to move his mouth came to a horrific realisation.

“I was rather hoping we could have a conversation, instead you will just have to listen.” Hannibal said, as he watched the other wake, readying his tools so he might create this masterpiece.

Tongue now pulled out of his mouth and stitched with the thread of a jumper, once given to a one night stand in a seedy bar, to his bottom lip. If he were to talk or move, it would risk pulling through the skin.

Watching the tears slide down the Alpha’s cheek, Hannibal sneered. Pathetic. How could Will have allowed *this man* to taint him.

“In the vaults of our hearts and brains, danger waits. All the chambers are not lovely, light and high. There are holes in the floor of the mind, like those in a medieval dungeon floor - the stinking oubliettes, named for forgetting, bottle-shaped cells in solid rock with the trapdoor in the top. Nothing escapes from them quietly to ease us. A quake, some betrayal by our safeguards, and sparks of memory fire the noxious gases - things trapped for years fly free, ready to explode in pain and drive us to dangerous behaviour...”

The Murder Of Reid Garcia - Part Two

Chapter Notes

> **This chapter includes descriptions of murder/torture** (of an original character). Please skip it, if it is not your cup of tea. The story should still make sense without it, but as always, you can hit me up in the comments.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A unidentifiable victim placed at the heart of the tableau knelt before Will.

This was without a doubt a Ripper case. A true masterpiece. But the general consensus that the man featuring was the Copycat killer didn't sit quite right with him. There was another message here. Something else behind the design, but meant for few eyes to behold.

A killer writing messages into the darkness hoping for someone to answer back.

Someone to appreciate this scene for what it was. But what was it?

The hallowed out shell of a human knelt before him. All the blood had been let from the corpse, the scene cleaned of any trace.

Any trace of anything. The forensic teams were pouring over every inch of the scene hoping to find any DNA match.

The wouldn't find anything.

The entire room was wash with sterile smell that hung to the air, meaning any scent that had been here to pick up on had now been covered. This was a trademark of the Ripper. A killer without biology. Even Beta's had a certain aroma to them. Yet the Chesapeake Ripper remained elusive, even in this small detail.

People speculated that it was a reason for killing in such a brutal way. A insecure Beta trying to elevate their status through other means... But none of the Ripper's work was an overcompensation. Nothing would be able to convince Will the man was anything other and Alpha.

A competent and brilliant one at that.

Probably with some fervidly traditional views, given the amount of control and power the other exerted into their hobby, he would require a mate who could handle that. Probably some sweet little slick maker chained to the kitchen stove.

Was Will... *jealous*? Or an imagined mate? *Of The Chesapeake Ripper?*

He pashed that thought away, citing that this was simply and empathetic response. He felt sorry for whatever poor creature was foolish enough to stumble into the path of the serial killer.

“The Ripper started while he was alive. Whatever this guy had done, it looks like it was enough to earn the special treatment.” Beverly said, coming to stand up beside Will, taking a deep breath in, eyebrows coming together for a moment. “Should you be here?”

“Jack didn’t leave much room for disagreement.” He muttered, taking his glasses off to clean them. “Do we know who it is?”

“No. And given what he’s done I don’t think anyone is going to be able to identify him. Who would put a family of a missing person through piecing together this? Removing the scent of the victim, though. That is new. Maybe the change in MO means something?” They fell into silence, Will too preoccupied with the case to hold any real conversation. Not that Katz minded, you didn’t form a friendship with Will Graham without making room for his quirks. “I’ll leave you to it. Just make sure whatever you find stays behind, Will.”

Will didn’t acknowledge his friend leaving, simply cast pale eyes over the scene, before the pendulum swung.

“You don’t know me. You are afraid.” He voiced, walking the steps of the killer. “You cry out.”

Will’s nose wrinkled in disgust. He stepped forward to the once living man and held up his hand. “This is when I gag you. Given the bruising on your neck, I choke you. Then thread a needle and bind your tongue to your bottom lip, breaking your jaw for good measure. It would ruin my art to have you biting through.”

He paused, turning around to look at the mirrors dangling from fishing wire, reflecting back. They were staged all around in a circle. Bounding the bright lights off, illuminating the scene in an ethereal glow.

“I wanted you to watch. See. Show you. This is you learning a lesson.” Will smacked his lips together before one again turning back to the body. “I was prepared for this. Relished planning this. Not simply for art, but the pain on your face and the slowly dawning realisation brings me joy.”

Leaning down Will pulled a needle and scalpel from a bag, once more approaching. “I work quickly. Starting to let your blood by slicing across your flesh. This will make you drowsy.”

“So you can still feel it, I take a deep neat strips of skin from your back, exposing the muscle, my fingers brushing against the crimson painting.” Will imagined twining his fingers into the victims hair and yanking back. “Powerful.” Looking down Will smiles at the victim. “Your teeth. I take them not because you will bite through your tongue and ruin my display, but because you are an Alpha.”

The new revelation was filed away for later, as Will continued his walk through.

“One by one I extract them. You will have had to swallow your own blood to stop yourself from drowning. With your head tilted back, I will have been cradling your chin in my hand while you did this. Your throat exposed to me.”

Pausing Will looked at person he held in his hands. “This isn’t sexual. This is revenge. Humiliation. Death is too good for you. I want you to serve as a lesson. A message. A warning.”

Looking up Will holds his own eye in the mirror for a moment. “I need to keep your heart pumping. Blood flowing. Next, I round you and inspect your fingers. One by one I cut them off at the second knuckle. They fall to the floor.”

“This is all decoration.” Tapping the man’s check lightly Will checked the other was still conscious before brining out his scalpel. “Your heart is the main prize. An incision along your chest, I ignore your screams as I quickly work to elevate you of this burden. You are undeserving.”

Stepping back, arms and hands covered in blood, holding a heart in his hand, the Omega brings it up before him, inspecting it. “My trophy.”

“I have you kneeling as an act of submission. Your jaw is broken to prevent you from biting. The same with the teeth. No bond biting. You took something of mine. Someone. Fingers removed. No touching. ***Mine.***” The possessive growl rumbling low in Will's throat as he squeezed the organ, it thumping in his coiled hand.

“But I can make you beautiful, a gift to a deserving eye. That is why I disfigure you. This is not about you. You are just the vessel for my message. A sweet gift, so I can be understood." Hands move up to brush across the Alpha's face. Will digging on thumb into the other's eye to pop it our, the other hand producing flowers. "Red roses in the eyes. Your view is not the important one.”

Once positioned inside the Alpha's sockets, and then repeated Will hummed. Tracing a hand down the throat, that was littered with bruises. "You did try and put up a fight."

Fingers still dancing they soon threaten to dip into the open cavity in the victim. “I use my hands to break open your ribs, taking your hallowed out chest and placing within it your fingers. You hold my secrets. You hold what is most important to me.” Will once again looked up at the mirrors and smiled, before going back to work, adding shards to finish the image.

“In the shattered glass, I have severed fingers holding a heart. It reflects what matters to me."

There was a long pause, admiring the work, arms covered to the elbow in blood, joining the red of the excess on the floor the Omega mutters. "This is my design.”

A deep breath in and Will suddenly brings himself back into the room. He is looking into his own reflection in the mirror heart and feels a cold chill.

“Do you see me?”

Chapter End Notes

Shout out to my mum, who is an embalmer. I called her for help constructing this scene, when I gave her my menu (in the next chapter) we bounced ideas back and forth and then I came away and made it into a fic.

Honestly, the old woman got a call where I was like "Hey, can we chat about death and what I could do as a serial killer." she was down for it, then didn't ask anything else. XD She doesn't even know it was for this story! Such a legend.

The Connoisseur Of Conscious

Chapter Notes

It's.... Uh... It's not 'Pork' and 'Lamb'

Bon Appétit (￣﹃￣)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Rolling up his shirt sleeves and trying an apron around his waist the Alpha surveyed his kitchen before starting his creation.

Sprinkling salt into a large pot of water Hannibal proceeded to add scallion, ginger and Sichuan peppercorn seeds to the mix, delicately stirring the mixture that coated the *pork* rind. It was about seven minutes before the time came to transfer the mixture from the pot.

The skin removed from the water, a skilled hand set about removing the fatty layer with sharp a knife. This meant he could massage into the meat a mix of alkaline powder and salt until white tissues appeared under the pressure of his finger.

The process requires lots of blanching and cleaning work in order to remove the impurities and keep its taste. Thankfully Hannibal was a patient man, and this was a job worth doing well.

Will made such unapologetically pleasured noises, around the cutlery when treated to a good meal.

Cleaning the rind with warm water as he went, the same knife was soon cutting the *pork* into smaller pieces so it could be added to a freshly boiled pot of water for sixty seconds before steaming.

Satisfied with the delicious smell, Hannibal removed the 'ethically sourced' meat and let it cool naturally on his countertop as he set about creating the other component to this feast.

The act of kneading the dough was cathartic. At this point a skill so often practiced he didn't find himself glancing at a recipe card, nor needing a scale to bring together the flour for a perfectly shiny and smooth substance, that could be wrapped in cling film and left to cool alongside the *pork*.

Moving around his kitchen, Hannibal placed the dumpling dough and filling in his fridge for later, while pulling out the pièce de résistance.

Setting the heart on the countertop, he also retrieved the other ingredient he would need.

Frying pan placed on a hob to heat the olive oil, Hannibal finally copped an onion, and pealed some garlic, using a crusher to extract from the clove.

Once they had fried off, he combined it into a bowl with the sausage meat, herbs and breadcrumbs, season with salt and pepper.

The mix was then spooned out and stuffed into the cavities of the *lamb* hearts and set aside.

The Alpha then rummaged in a draw for some butchers string, meaning he could wrap bacon around the heart so it was ready to submerge in the juicy braise.

Caramelised onions, carrots and celery bathed in a medium heat in on the over top, next to the frying pan that was searing off the heart. Evenly coloured and brown all over they were placed into the saucepan, blanketed by vegetables and bouquet garni.

Deglaze the frying pan with a splash of red wine, creating a lovely sizzle, Hannibal poured over the heart. Covering the pot and leaving for two hours. Still plenty of time before Will was due to arrive.

The previous evening Hannibal had spent time after a long shower, scrubbing himself clean, baking. His chosen desert for the evening was a rich cake, although to be expected was the flare he brought to the meal. Blood cocoa sponge cake with lingonberry jam, soon to be topped a dollop of freshly whipped cream.

It had been a joy to make, and knowing of his guests sweet tooth was looking forward to savouring the sight of Will enjoying the treat.

Hannibal had just poured himself a glass of wine, ready to prepare the dumplings for later steaming when a knock at the door broke him from his focus.

Glancing to the clock, the time was only six, meaning his guest was potentially an hour early? Very unlike Will.

Placing the glass down, Hannibal approached the door, aware of where the Omega will have spend his morning and wondering if, perhaps, there had been a slight oversight and his cunning boy had worked something out.

Chapter End Notes

:If you’re feeling hungry now…

https://www.chinasichuanfood.com/xiao-long-bao-soup-dumplings/

https://www.greatbritishchefs.com/recipes/bacon-stuffed-braised-lamb-heart-recipe

https://theredcellar.com/2019/02/06/blood-cocoa-sponge-cake/

The Nelaimės koldūnas

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will shuffled from foot to foot, unable to sit in his car any longer. Given the flickering of the blinds from the house across from Hannibal, it was safe to assume any longer spend in his vehicle would have resulted in a visit from the police to explain his presence in the neighbourhood.

Something he'd rather avoid.

He was sure Hannibal wouldn't mind.

As the door opened said Alpha greeted him with all the decorum of their usual interactions. Clearly able to move past their previous encounter so they could salvage a friendship from the ruins. "Please, do come in."

"Thanks." Will said, producing a bottle of wine to press into Hannibal's hand. Ignoring the thought about how handsome the other looked while dressed down in only a crisp white shirt, sleeve rolled up exposing his forearm. He glanced away.

Hannibal smiled knowingly, while looking over the label. "I believe I said it wasn't necessary for you to bring anything for my table, William. Although I greatly appreciate the gesture." Always so unruly.

"You also said seven, and yet here I am."

"Here you are." Hannibal said, nodding through to the kitchen, allowing Will to take the lead, following after and definitely not checking out the Omega as his hips swayed. "Its perfectly alright. Though I haven't quite finished our meal preparation."

"I can help." Will offered, shrugging off his jacket to drape it over the stool.

Surprised by the offer, Hannibal placed the wine bottle on the side and moved to pull the dumpling's ready for assembly from his fridge. "Are you familiar with Xiaolongbao?"

Shaking his head, the other moved to the sink to wash his hands, not really wanting to get the filth from the latest Ripper crime scene on their meal.

Although it wasn't like he had played around in the entrails, it was an impossible feeling to rinse from your skin.

He rolled up his own sleeves and came to stand beside Hannibal, awaiting direction, knowing the Alpha would relish the opportunity to teach.

… Well, give him orders.

“Had I known you were planning to assist, I would have elected for something a little less delicate.”

“Are you calling me ham-fisted, Dr. Lecter?”

Unwrapping the dough and cutting it into small pieces, Hannibal didn’t answer as he rolled them into a ball in his hand before rolling one out to demonstrate.

Will watched as the other placed a spoonful of pork into the dough and then pinched it together, forming a pleat around the top.

Hannibal left it on the countertop while he moved to retrieve his bamboo steamer, placing it between the pair and adding in his perfectly made dumpling.

Will moved to grab his own bit of dough, trying to replicate the steps he had seen the other make.

Rather than making a perfectly rounded circle, he manged to role out an oblong, overstuffed the dumpling and growing frustrated with his ability to pinch and pleat simply folded them over like a badly wrapped gift.

Watching this tragedy happen before him, a fond smile was tugging at Hannibal’s lips, as he added his third, next to Will’s disaster dumpling.

Never one to admit defeat, Will tried again, this time managing to rip the dough, filling falling out of the bottom, onto the counter in an unsatisfying plop. Blue eyes shifting to meet Hannibal’s, before both men erupted into laughter.

“Fine! This isn’t as easy as you made it look. Can you save them?” Will stepped back around to the other side of the island, taking a seat on one of the stools, poking at the second attempt with a pout.

Despite the endearing facial expression and all the want in the world, even Hannibal Lecter would struggle to fix this particular problem. “I am afraid these dumplings may be beyond saving.”

“It’s not always how it looks. They taste divine.”

“Of that I can be sure, given the small roll you played in their creation.”

“Piss off.” Will groaned, in the shame of it all. “Give me something else I can do.”

Pausing for a moment, Hannibal nodded, brushing his hands off on his apron before turning back to the fridge to pull out some cream. “You may wish to wash your hands, I can’t imagine the flavours of the dumplings will combine.”

Getting up and doing just that, Will returned with freshly washed hands to find a metal bowl and a hand whisk, at what he now presumed was his station.

“Would you like a demonstration?”

Rolling his eyes, he snatched the bowl and whisk, adding the cream before expertly stiffening the cream, beating air into the mix, and only making a small amount of mess.

This allowed Hannibal enough time to finish creating the rest of the starter, and place a glass of wine before his companion.

“Proud of me?” Will said, pushing the bowl towards the chef.

“Always.”

Picking up the glass he swirled it around, eyes meeting Hannibal’s. Ah. He didn’t think he was pregnant, then. Which begged the question, why was the Alpha being so nice to him? He swigged the drink, nose wrinkling ever so slightly.

Amusement twinkled in Hannibal’s own. “Perhaps a whisky and we can discuss what has led you to my door so early?”

“Jack had me working.”

“In your condition?” Hannibal pressed, disapproval of Jack’s actions obvious.

“My *condition*?”

“Apologies, Will. It would be near impossible for me not to notice the changes in your scent, even if my sense of smell wasn’t so enhanced. I presume you’re nearing heat?”

Oh. That made the comment Beverly had made to him earlier make a lot of sense and why Jack had told him he didn’t need to write up a report. “Uh, I guess.”

The unsure answer had Hannibal’s brows knitting together. “You are unsure of your own cycle?”

“I’ve been a little busy recently.” Will answered, biting back, enough that the doctor knew to drop his line of questioning.

“This evening we will be having freshly made XiaoLongBao with pork jelly, braised stuffed lamb hearts accompanied by a vegetable medley and blood cocoa gateau éponge for dessert.”

“Did you just say sponge cake in French to make your meal sound more impressive?”

A smile tugged at Hannibal’s lips. “I should know better than to hide myself from you.”

Chapter End Notes

Unknowing cannibalism… and fluff? Meat Cute. (✿◠‿◠) Isn't that nice. Such a nice fic. Nothing bad happening here... Or we're in the eye of the storm and y'all should brace for impact. (It's one of those options)

P.S. The title translates to ~ The Disaster Dumpling ~ and I'm so happy about that

I Beseech You

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The steadily increasing pheromones in the room were causing Hannibal some distraction, as he attempted to focused on the anecdote of his guest to no avail.

Quite unsure how Will was remaining so blasé about the whole situation, the Alpha sprang from his chair given the opportunity to fetch dessert.

The distance between the pair allowed him to catch his breath and clear the fog descending over his mind. It was impressive just what an effect the younger man could have on him while seemingly unaffected himself.

Adding a dollop of whipped cream to each slice of cake, he moved to re-join his company in the dining room, only to walk in on a mouth-watering sight.

Feeling the raise in his temperature Will had decided to shed some layers of clothing. Pulling his jumper over his head, causing the fabric to ride up and expose bare flesh, he also began unbuttoning his plaid shirt.

Down to his grey under tee he sat back down on the chair, blue eyes going up to look over Hannibal. “I would of asked.” He said, imaging the heated look he was receiving was the result of improper dinner etiquette. “My heat is clearly closer than I thought, I’m boiling.”

Falling back into step, he joined Will, placing a bowl in front of the Omega, taking the opportunity to lean in and scent him, before taking his own seat.

“Friends don’t sniff friends.” Will said, with a smile around a mouthful of cream. “But I’ll let you off because I’m sure it’s distracting.”

“Incredibly, and yet you seem to remain unaffected.” Hannibal said, forcing himself to enjoy his baking, and tare eyes away from the man currently consuming the blood of Reid Garcia, and moaning lightly at the taste.

“You should open a store.” Will said, lips smacking together as he indulged. “As for pre-heat… it’s not my first rodeo. I won’t be beside myself with want for several hours yet. At the moment I’m just uncomfortable.” He shrugged.

“I’m aware the tales of pre-heat are often somewhat embellished.”

“It would be a lot more alarming if our bodies went from *fine* to slick everywhere and unable to control ourselves. You do need to warm up to that sort of thing.” A finger hooked inside his grey t-shirt, pulling at the collar. “Literally.”

Hannibal watched the action, imagining his lips on damped skin, drinking in the sweet scent. Biting, leaving marks. Claiming. Bonding.

“You know, I came here because I thought you might be under the assumption you’d knocked me up. You’ve been uncharacteristically kind to me.”

“I would hope that I always regard you kindness.”

“Curiosity.” Will corrected the Doctor “Not that it is a bad thing, but there has been a notable shift in your composure.”

Hannibal raised his glass of wine, as if pondering the thought. “I am afraid to say I haven’t been my most authentic self with you, William.”

Will shrugged, wiggling in his chair at the slight discomfort, although finishing the final mouthful of his pudding, tongue darting along his bottom lip to taste the sweetness there. “It’s understandable… Considering.”

“A situation I don’t regret.” Hannibal continued before Will could argue with him. “Perhaps I should have gained come clarity around your desired outcome. Rather unfortunate to allow emotions to burden our compatibility.”

Will snorted a laugh into his whiskey tumbler.

In response it received a raised eyebrow from Hannibal.

“So, I’m a good fuck, and you would like to do it again?” Will but it painfully simplistic terms.

“Would you not?”

“Not with you… Although I agree we’re physically compatible.”

“With clear parameters, I am more than capable of controlling myself.”

“I lean far more toward masochism than sadism, Doctor.” Will said, fingers hooking the ice from his glass to push against his neck and cool him down.

Marron eyes dragged down the exposed skin watching the water droplet trickle along the pale flesh. Filing that information away in his mind palace, Hannibal leaned back in his dining chair to observe Will.

If you were to ask Will, he would say, with no hold barred, Hannibal leaned back in his chair with all the superior essence of a obnoxious Alpha, who was fully aware of the subtle display of dominance and prowess by positioning himself in this way.

Will mimicked the pose, much to Hannibal’s distaste.

“You’re not helping me through my heat.” The Omega said firmly.

“I don’t recall offering.”

“Would you be so direct?”

“It’s a mutually beneficial agreement.”

“You’re still in love with me.” Will deadpanned, may as well address the elephant in the room. “As I said, I wouldn’t get much from torturing you.”

“Physical compatibility.” Hannibal said huskily, putting some of his own pheromones out into the room to attempt to manipulate the Omega into being more susceptible to his suggestion.

Will was having none of it, as blue eyes narrowed. “In heat I’d be physically compatible with a cucumber.”

“Last I recall they didn’t have the exact parts your body would require.”

“We’re talking about you sticking your knot in me, no need to be indirect.”

Hannibal sighed, fingers drumming on the wooden table. “I would provide you with far more than a physical outlet for your needs.”

“Back to offering me money?” Will joked, trying to defuse the situation with a shared laugh, but Hannibal didn’t return it, simply kept his gaze fixed at the other end of the table, jaw set.

“I should like to help you through your heat, William.”

“I said no, Hannibal.” Standing up Will tugged on his over shirt, leaving it open and held his jumper. “I should be going. Thank you for dinner.”

Also standing Hannibal didn’t seem resigned to defeat. “Allow me to drive you.”

Shaking his head the Omega stood firm in his position. “You’re in worse shape than I am, thanks to this heat. At least I hope this is why you’re acting this way… So I’ll give you the benefit of the doubt, we’ll go our separate ways, and in a week when I’m out the other side, we’ll talk about it. Us. Okay?”

A long moment of silence stretched between the pair, both making eye contact with each other, neither making the first move before Hannibal broke the silence. “Please.”

The word leaving his mouth sounded foreign and uncomfortable. It didn’t feel right to Will either, the Omega pausing to look over the Alpha.

“I-i-It’s… I value our friendship.” Will said, trying to find the correct words in the face of a situation he didn’t think he’d ever find himself in.

“As do I.”

“Us sleeping together isn’t going to work.” Will lowered his gaze. He shouldn’t have come here. Should have been more aware of his own body. It was an oversight, but this felt awful. Poor Hannibal.

Hannibal held back a smile at the inner turmoil he had expertly thrown Will into. Although somewhat overcome with the pre-heat pheromones from the other, he wasn't so gone he was unaware of what he was doing.

Though it didn't seem Will was overly swayed.

Of course Will had thought about it. Was thinking about it. His inner Omega practically purred each time he was in the Alpha's company. On paper Hannibal was the model mate.

'He can provide for you'

'He can care for you.'

'He wants you.'

'He can protect you.'

'He loves you.'

But that isn't what Will wanted. Not what he needed, really. Sure, he could plicate his instincts and make Hannibal happy in the short term, but it would result in bond that wasn't reciprocal, where Will had all the power and could use it as he saw fit.

'He can pleasure you.'

Now that thought was undeniable, but it wasn't worth sabotaging what they shared simply so he could have sex. There were plenty of other Alphas that could help him through his heat.

"Someone else is already helping me." Will said, running a hand through his curls. "An old friend."

A darkness descended over Hannibal's face, red eyes gleaming in the light of the dining room. "I see." Came the toneless response.

"We can talk about this in a week." Will offered, trying to extend the Olive branch.

What looked like the Alpha resigning himself Hannibal nodded. "Of course, I am yet to hear your thoughts on the meal."

A smile tugged at Will's lips, as he made his way towards the front door. Happy they were at an understanding. Hannibal was actually rather sweet. "I appreciate this, Hannibal. I appreciate you."

"The feeling is mutual." Came the gruff response, as the man trailed after him, the pair stood at the front door.

Looking at the sweat sheened Angel before him, flush cheeks and biteable bottom lip, piercing blue eyes and delicious scent the only thought Hannibal had was ***mine***. A vow that there would be no other. Of that he was sure.

Chapter End Notes

I sort of felt bad for Hannibal in this one.

The Emergence

Chapter Notes

Super short and sweet filler chapter. I needed to transition the scenes.

As soon as Will had left the house he'd put a call in to an Alpha who'd helped him with a few heats over the years. The guy was fine. Not anything special, but him and Will shared a mutual understanding and neither shared any lingering emotions.

He was almost certain the Alpha didn't know anything other than his first name.

It worked.

They worked.

Rough hands sliding over his still clothed form, demanding kisses and moans echoing on each other's lips worked.

Dogs secured in the kitchen, Will was straddling the lap of the brunette Alpha, hands knotted into the man's shirt, pulling him up to meet the kisses Will was pressing into the other's lips. Never one to be a passive recipient of heat, the Omega was in control of this situation. His hips rocking, seeking friction for the pair of them, as he kept the Alpha pinned with his body.

"Mask?" Came the Alpha's reply, Will sighing and stopping his action, though thankful the other was taking the precaution now, rather than when full blow heat had hit and neither of them were able to take much stock of their sensibilities.

"My car. In the boot." Fishing car keys out of his back pocket Will rolled off the other, slumping across his sofa.

The Alpha got up, adjusting his erection through his jeans, and walked outside to retrieve the mark.

Although fairly controversial, bite guards or masks were something that could be used during heat to stop an Alpha bonding with an Omega. In recent years they had become a bit more mainstream, Betas using them in parts of the kink community, but Will had owned one since he was younger.

He was perfectly happy sleeping with Alpha's during his heat, as long as they agreed.

The one his partner for the next week was currently retrieving was a plain white plastic face guard, with white straps that could be locked into place, to prevent anyone taring anything off mid moment of passion.

It was a daunting look. Will was yet to find anyone that managed to make it look attractive… but it served a function.

The Alpha re-joined him, Will standing so he might help the other place the item on, but froze mid step when the man before him spoke. “You must be making bank.”

“What?” Came the confused response.

“Your car.”

That really confused him “My beat up old Volvo, with dog hair all over the seats and pealing paint?”

The man laughed, pulling his boots off and throwing them behind him. “No, the Bentley you’ve got tucked around the side.”

A Meeting Of Monsters

Chapter Notes

We're almost at a heat! One more chapter of filler and the smut is here...

Just in time for Christmas where I will be with my family and unable to write a load of sexy times for y'all. So hang in there as regular uploads fall away. Tis not abandoned.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will’s mouth went dry. Alarm bells ringing in his head as the new information came to light. Spinning on his heal he charged through to the kitchen to check on his dogs, having not heard them for quite some time and the ice cold fear immediately clenching his heart.

He was far too close to heat for this.

Well, in heat. As evident by the slick droplet now sliding it’s way down his inner thigh as he burst into the room.

Each of the dogs raised their head to look at their master, confusion painted across their expression, though small tail wags at seeing him.

None of them bothered to get up from the pile they had created on the floor.

Will blinked a few times, counting them to make sure each of them were accounted for, before groaning at the emptiness coiling in his stomach.

He gripped the wooden door knuckles turning white, and knees threatening to collapse beneath him. “Sorry guys.” He muttered, moving into the room to reassure the worried pack, with some pats to the head, and grabbing a handful of treats from the cupboard.

While he was there Will also pulled something from the kitchen draw and stuck it in his pocket.

He moved back across the room, pulling the door closed once again to stalk back into his main room to unravel this mystery.

Ah.

Or not.

Hannibal Lecter stood over the body of another Alpha, watching the man choke to death on his own blood, gasping desperately for oxygen from the newly expose throat, hand pressing to try and stem the bleeding.

Hannibal's mouth and chin was dripping with the same crimson fluid that was pooling across Will's wooden floor. The pocket square freed from his suit, so he could wipe away the liquid in a dignified manner.

Despite the fact his friend had just brutally murdered someone in his house, the most alarming revelation of this whole encounter was just how arousing the Omega found this scene.

Hannibal's chest was rising and falling, red eyes trained on Will, a predator waiting for a reaction, for a fight or a flea response that never came.

Despite the heat fog threatening to cloud his judgement, the pieces fell into place. "Nice to finally meet you." Came the feisty response from Will.

Much to the other man's amusement, his face now in a smirk as he dropped any pretence, the human suit slipping away. "Such a cunning boy."

"The flattery will get you everywhere." Will flirted, slowly crossing the room. "A genuine threat, then? When you said to me there will be no other?"

Hannibal answered with a nod, stepping over the fresh corpse to better be able to meet Will.

"I should call Jack."

"You should." Came the agreement.

"You seem sure you are safe."

"You're aroused, William."

"I'm in heat."

"There is a subtle difference in your scent between the two."

Will came to stand before Hannibal. "Will you hurt me?"

"Are you going to give me cause to?" Hannibal didn't skip a beat, his hand coming up to delicately cup Will's jaw and cheek, the pad of his thumb running over the other's chin. "Or was that a request?"

Will smiled, blue eyes shining up at the Alpha, distracting Hannibal in the beauty, their bodies pressing close together, scents mixing in the air. "Yes."

The Omega moved quickly, drawing the syringe out of his pocket, flicking open the cap and pushing it into the Alpha's neck, before attempting to step away.

Of course, Hannibal wasn't about to allow that to happen, hands closing around Will's sweat drenched t-shirt before the other had the opportunity to evade him. Once secure in his hold Hannibal moved one hand up to pull out the item, looking it over in his hand.

“Tranquilisers?” He growled, angrily.

“Specifically for Alphas.” Will answered, making sure not to move or provoke the murderer before him any further, unsure just how long it would take for the effects.

“I am aware of it’s function, William. I am asking it’s purpose.” Already starting to feel slightly drowsy, Hannibal ever so slightly swayed in place.

“You should sit.” Will offered, nodding to a wooden chair in the corner of the room, that had been there so he could replace a broken bulb.

Knowing it was a sensible suggestion, Hannibal released the other, sloppily soothing down the fabric before moving to rest.

To his surprised, Will followed after, needing to be close to the Alpha. Wrap himself in the scent. Soothe the others simmering rage.

Perhaps Uncle Jack wasn’t about to receive a call. Interesting.

When Hannibal had taken a seat he petted his knee in a power play a drugged man should not be having.

Will still went and sat on Hannibal’s lap, damp trousers telling, as he wiggled against the other, trying to get comfy.

The Alpha assisted the other in this, one hand rubbing soothing circles into Will’s back, the other curled delicately over the Omega’s furthest outer thigh to support both of their weights in the chair.

It was a blissful surrender, as the drugs flowing in his system began to shut down functioning.

Will had taken to resting his head on the Alpha’s shoulder, matching the other’s slow breaths until he felt the slump, hands falling away from supporting him, Hannibal passed out.

Climbing out of the other’s lap and looking down at the other, he needed to move quickly, his own heat increasing by the second, sure it wouldn’t be long before Hannibal awake once more.

Chapter End Notes

At least I didn't let you get attached to this OC Alpha before I killed him off!

Show Me Restraint

Chapter Notes

Here you go! The final chapter before I disappear for a few days!

The next one(s) up are heat smut. ৻(ꆤ⌣ꆤ৻)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Rousing from the drug induced unconsciousness, Hannibal kept his breathing steady and eyes shut as he took stock of his surroundings and predicament.

“I know you’re awake.” Came the clipped response of Will, who was sat on the sofa with his gun, drowning in his own sweat, a light pink colour all over, clothes changed to just some slick coated boxers and Hannibal’s shirt.

Taking in the image before him the Alpha quirked his head, smile evident on his eyes, even if hidden on his face “I believe you’re supposed to discuss a safe word with me.” The words came out in a thick and slurred accent as he familiarised himself with speaking again. Mind still slow thanks to the chemicals within his system. Pulling against the belts binding him to the wooden chair, to further this point.

“Don’t.” Will said in warning, not overly sure if he meant the joke or the escape attempt. “I’m… In heat. Hot. Empty.” It was a catalogue of the many things impacting him at the moment, but Will needed to try and keep his head together. “Need to know that you want me.”

“Of course.” Hannibal said, noting the distress and turmoil the other was in.

“No. You need to want me. This. Sex with me. Not just because I’m in heat. Okay?”

Ah, so that was why the Omega had sat so far away, he was trying to allow Hannibal the opportunity to consent, despite how uncomfortable he must be finding this situation.

And unnecessary the question was.

“I would want nothing more than to share a bed with you again. Regardless of your secondary gender, I wish for whatever you would offer me.”

“I don’t want to bond.” Came the negotiation.

“Rather obvious from the mask.” Hannibal said, a mixture of belts and ropes hoping his in place on the chair and mask placed and locked on his face.

Will had finally found someone that looked attractive in it, at least.

The thought caused more slick to leak from his wanton hole, another groan falling from his lips.

“You need not deny yourself for my sake.” Hannibal offered, wishing to touch and comfort, shifting again against the restraints.

This was a bad idea. Hannibal was the Chesapeake Ripper. He should have phoned it in, with the body still growing cold on the floor. He certainly shouldn’t have hidden it. Nor should he have tied the Alpha to a chair.

This was a terrible idea.

And yet, Will’s shaking and unsteady legs carried him across the distance to the other.

“Release me, William, and I will take care of you.” It was a low rumble in Hannibal’s chest, making the request feel more like an order. “Don’t you want that? To feel good? Feel full?”

Will whined, pealing Hannibal’s shirt off of himself and letting it crumble on the floor, both men now shirtless as he knelt down to start slowly unbuckling the Alpha’s legs.

The trust the Omega placed in him was a gift Hannibal wouldn’t soon forget, him remaining still, as fumbling fingers worked to pull free limbs. “No bonding.” Will muttered, forehead pressing against the older man’s knee, as he tried to undo the other fastening.

“Take some deep breaths in.” The Alpha said patiently.

It managed to still Will enough to see the sense in freeing Hannibal’s arms, rather than the second leg, so the other could deal with the binding himself. Standing, with great effort, he moved to stand behind the Alpha, undoing the rope that had been knotted so tightly against the skin, it had caused red welts to appear.

“Sorry.” The Omega muttered, fingers pressing lightly to the offending red marks.

“It’s quite alright.” Once free, Hannibal bend to free his leg from the chair, hand not going up to remove the mask, not wanting a fight to erupt when the Omega finally seemed in someway amenable to his presence.

He didn’t need to ask if Will wanted him. While he was unconscious there was many avenues the Omega could have taken to demonstrate his disgust for the killer, and send a strong message. of rejection.

Will had crumpled back to the floor, just trying to catch his breath as the waves of heat rolled through him.

Quite the fall from the defiant young man sat at his dinner table denying Hannibal, to now. He was certainly going to have his fun with this.

Chapter End Notes

IDK what it is, but I'm putting myself under pressure with this fic, trying to make sure I'm making people happy which is just not the way to write. Hopefully getting a few days space will reignite my excitement and I'll be able to produce something epic. Sorry if these last few chapters felt like flagging!

I may also be overthinking and y'all think this is fine.

Time for a break, me thinks!

Whatever your doing and celebrating or not I wish you the best, and take good care of yourselves.

Meeting At Midnight

Chapter Notes

This Chapter Is A Sex Scene

The chapter is dedicated to all the lovely people who left some really nice comments for me after I wobbled in my last chapter. (▰˘◡˘▰) Self Care and taking breaks are super important. (But y'all already knew that)

Enough sappy stuff ~ TO THE BONE ARENA! (┛◉Д◉)┛

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sweet slick drenched his inner thigh, as he looked up from the floor to the Alpha towering over him.

His heat was making his skin prickle, the pink flush spread across the pale expanse, causing hungry eyes to follow.

The delicious smell rolling off the Omega was in stark contrast to the thick and musky smell of the Alpha that seeped into every free space in the room.

Neither of them was really moving in this moment, the shared vulnerability between them as they saw each other for who they were.

Hannibal was the Chesapeake Ripper, a deadly Alpha currently towering over Will, eyes showing love, admiration and devotion.

Lust.

Will's top concern didn't lay within the deceit, or danger of his friend but his concerns for independence. In the back of his mind the question of morality scraped away, nagging for his attention. But the lust that fuelled him, not completely coming from his heat, was enthralled with the knowledge one of history's most prolific killers was closing the space between them, with steady and measured steps, as if he was waiting for Will to flee at any moment.

Wasn't that an exciting thought.

Smile curling onto his lips, Will dodged out of the way of the other man, amusement dazzling in his eyes as Will tossed his head back over his shoulder, before kicking open his front door and launching into a sprint.

There was no question that the feelings were mutual. If Will did not want this, he would not have allowed it. The Omega was far too strong willed to be swayed by any Alpha. Including

Hannibal Lecter.

But it did seem like his biology was forcing him to act in a way far more primal. Something Hannibal would be sure to delight in sharing with the younger man. ‘How you will enjoy watching me hunt’, the ripper thought, his own feet carrying him onto Will’s porch to see the Omega breaking for the treeline.

Unsteady and aching legs carried him into the woodland, just outside of his property. His breath curling in the cool air as Will attempted to plot out a course for his escape.

Mind not able to focus on too many things at once, his foot caught on a tree root, sending him sprawling across the floor. Prickly branches dragging across shirtless skin, causing small red scratches and welts to paint across his body.

Picking himself back up, he span in spot, listening for the footsteps of the Alpha who was sure to be catching up with him.

The trees swayed in the breeze, branches rustling leaves, distance sounds of animals scurrying around and…

A weight hit him from behind before he had even heard the approach. Arms boxing him in, legs being marched forward, front slamming into a trick trunk before him.

Other than the low rumbling growl emanating from deep within the Alpha’s chest, the woods remained silent and still.

They didn’t bother to exchange words as Will turned in the Alpha’s arms, looking up to meet him.

He was closed in against the tree, bark pressing against his skin and evening air managing to keep his steadily growing temperature soothed. The look in the Alpha’s eyes was unmistakable. This was a matter of consumption.

Possession.

It a whine fall from Will’s throat as he moved to turn back around so he could present himself against the tree.

But Hannibal didn’t allow that. Hands held him in place, facing the other before the Alpha stepped away.

Will stumbled forward, hands reaching out, about to plead and submit, only to be halted with a piercing look.

Slipping out of his trousers in a mouth-watering display, Hannibal laid them on the ground, before sitting, legs outstretched before him, eyes expectant.

Will wasted no time trying to shimmy out of his own briefs, boxers easy enough to pull down and step out of, before crawling over the Alpha.

Delicate hands guided his sloppy and impatient movements, Hannibal positioning Will's limbs to make sure the Omega would be more comfortable, setting the scene exactly as he wanted it.

Will huffed, busing his mouth with biting along shoulders, littering red marks.

When the Alpha was finally pleased with their position, himself sat stretched out on the floor, one hand clamping the Omega's wrists behind his back while remaining in his lap, knee's either side of Hannibal's hips, the Alpha searched over Will's face one more time.

To show his eagerness, Will simply tilted his head back, exposing his neck and /submitting/.

It was enough to change the delicate moment and tentative worries displaying across the Doctor's face, as a hand gripped around a thick cock, lining it up with a slick hole before pushing the head in side.

Will didn't waste any time in pushing his weight backwards, impaling himself to the full length with a scandalous moan, that had his head hanging forward and resting against Hannibal's.

The Alpha was clearly smiling from behind his mask, as eyes creased warmly at the sight before him.

Raising himself up, wet squelch as he did so, Will pulled most of the way out before sitting back down, arse cheeks spreading around the thick girth.

Will couldn't recall a time he had been in heat and ridden an Alpha, and despite the fact he was controlling the rhythm, he'd never felt less in control.

It was an intoxicating feeling.

His hole was being stretched around the Chesapeake Ripper's prick, filling him up and plundering in and out, all while being looked at like he was the only thing that mattered in the universe.

Overwhelmed by the love pouring from Hannibal, he closed his eyes and rested a forehead against well marked and broad shoulders.

Only to have them spring back open again as Hannibal snapped his hips up as Will brought himself down.

If possible it seemed to slide the member in ever deeper, the new angle pushing against the bundle of nerves that made Will want to scream.

On the second thrust in, Hannibal managed to hit his prostate, eliciting the exact sound he wanted.

Will was just thankful to live in the middle of nowhere, with no neighbours, because the noises erupting from him as he was fucked into were very likely to draw attention.

The pair kept up their pace in an animalistic fashion. Neither had spoken since their exchange in the house. They didn't need to. This connection went beyond the need of words.

They stayed like this for a while, bodies moving into each other, underneath a blanket of stars in the still of a forest.

The Omega's legs eventually began to shake with the strain of riding Hannibal's prick for such a long time. As if noticing the still in movements was coming from the demand on his body, rather than the want to stop Hannibal once more growled against his mask, enjoying the delicious way is distracted Will from his thoughts and movements.

He rolled the both of them over, remaining deep inside the warm wet heat of the profiler the entire time.

Hands pressing into the ground, boxing Will in, his maroon eyes enjoyed the masterpiece underneath him.

Dark curls pressing into the floor, seeping into their monotone back drop, only highlighting the red blush across his cheeks, and dark red lips begging to be silences with a bruising kiss. Not to mention the way Will's ethereal, sweat glistening, alabaster skin looked against the dark backdrop of their mating.

Will locked his legs around Hannibal's hips when they had flipped over, ankles crossing over and linking together, as hands began dragging claw marks down the Alpha's back.

He could feel his slick drooling between the cleft of his arse and sliding onto the ground, as his stomach churned with an impossible want.

It didn't matter how hard the Alpha was jutting into him anymore, or how deep his cock was able to reach he was empty and unsatisfied.

"Knot me." Was the first words uttered for a long time.

And who was Hannibal to deny such a wonderful request.

With new vigour the Alpha abandoned any thoughts of pleasing Will and focused on his own needs and desires, knowing it would be a mutual beneficial outcome.

Mask still on, his mouth not an option, he instead settled for leaving marks on the pale expanse of unclaimed neck in another way.

Moving so one hand held Will's hips, making sure to gently guide the other's movements into him, so the Omega wiggled on his member, Hannibal used his other hand to coil around Will's neck and apply pressure.

It was the single most erotic sight of his life, Will concluded.

Above him, he had Hannibal Lecter, a white mask covering half his face and highlighting those dark eyes burning bright with malice, hair laying out of place, as his prick relentlessly

drove in and out of him, strong hands pulling his weight to meet the thrust and fingers cutting off the oxygen.

All of this was under a clear evening sky with shadowy branches coiling above Hannibal's head, looking to give the man a crown of antlers.

That was enough, Will's body went tight, movements halting as he spilled his seep onto his stomach, hole clenching around Hannibal's cock trying to milk it.

The scene before him enough to have Hannibal joining Will in his orgasm, hand allowing Will to suck down air as his knot catch against the rim of the Omega's hole, before he pushed it in further, allowing it to inflate as he spend his load into the wanting hole of ***his mate***.

Thankful Will had made him wear the mask, though never going to admit it, his urges screamed to lean down and claim what was ***his.***

Both men caught their breath. Pants colliding together.

Trying to control his breathing as the new girth stretched him uncomfortably wide. Will's oversensitive body could feel each twitch of Hannibal's dick as more cum spurted out, filling him up.

"I'm on emergency heat birth control." Will muttered lazily, as he stretched out tired limbs against the cool ground, satisfied. At least for now.

Hannibal leaned back skilfully undid his own mask, before throwing it to the side, opening and closing his jaw, to work out some of the tension. "Rest, Will."

"Here?" Came the response, though he was already closing his eyes.

The act of trust made Hannibal lean in and press a kiss to Will's lips. "I will take care of you."

Chapter End Notes

> This bitch came back swinging, hm? You're oh so welcome. Good luck trying to get the image of Hannibal with his antlers, screwing Will in the forest outta your head.
>
> The plan is still to have this done by the New Year. The ending to this fic is written. Not many more chapters to go...

Morning After Midnight

Chapter Notes

This Chapter Is A Sex Scene

When Will awoke he found himself laid against his bedspread. Skin sweating and emptiness returned to his body. Groaning he rolled over, to find Hannibal already staring at him, which only caused him to burry his face back into the pillow.

He really wasn't a morning person. "Did you carry me here?"

"Would you have rather of spent your evening in a blissful slumber on the forest floor like some nymph?"

"It might have been cooler." Will said, kicking at the slight sheet Hannibal had draped over him, trying and failing to get it off of his body.

"And would have the potential to attract the unwelcome attention of another Alpha." Came the possessive answer from Hannibal, as hands moved to pull the sheet free of Will's naked form.

"Rather not have to hide another body while I'm in heat."

"I would argue it wasn't very well hidden, mielasis."

The weight on the bed shifted as Hannibal crawled over him. Knee's locking against Will's hips, as hands danced down the Omega's spine, before stopping just above his bottom.

"You spend an hour last night fucking me raw in the wood. You're allowed to touch me." Will laughed into his pillow, wiggling his butt to further his point.

The answer came in the form of a swat to his behind, causing the Omega to yelp and attempt to wiggle free. "Hannibal! What the hell!?"

"I would have hoped it was rather obvious to you by now that I abhor impertinence."

"You've always seemed to make an exception for me."

Another strike to his backside, this time a little harder and Will turned his head, teeth bared, growling in warning.

The sight before him made Hannibal's heart sing. "Mielas."

“Which means?”

“Cute.” Hannibal said smugly, this time kneading the freshly reddening globes of flesh in his hand.

“Fuck you.” Came the response, lacking much venom, as Will enjoyed the way his body was being elated.

As third slap landed so did a kiss pressing into Will’s neck, which stilled any movements. “We said…”

“And I have no intention of bonding with you.” *This heat cycle*. “I will, however, be keeping the mask off.”

Anger flaring through his body, Will was about to launch into a fury of words only to have his arse cheeks pulled apart. “Han-ah!” The words fell dead in his mouth and turned into a gasp, as a skilled tongue ran across his sensitive hole.

Smiling against the skin, Hannibal went about ensuring the other man would see the full benefits of him remaining unmasked.

It should have been no surprise that Hannibal was exceptionally good at using his tongue, but the way he opened up Will, causing slick to leak from his body, the desperate burning pressure of heat building in his body, felt like he was enjoying the most exquisite meal he had ever had dance across his pallet.

Lapping away, hand occasionally reaching around to roll Will’s erection in time with his mouth, Hannibal brought the Omega close to the edge of orgasm several times.

Will moaned into his pillow, hands coiling against the headboard, just to stop him from falling over the edge when the oral he was receiving was clearly being used to prove a point.

One he didn’t mind Hannibal making.

Will was a panting wreck by the time the morning sun began peeking through the curtains illuminating the room.

As begging and pleas were screamed into his pillow, Hannibal eventually decided to stop this torture and allow the Omega to cum.

Will pressed back against the tongue that danced against his hole, while also, clumsily, trying to jut his hips forward into the friction of the hand that milked him. Releasing onto the sheets below him, he was panting as tight muscles gave up and he flopped forward.

Or certainly attempted to, only to have Hannibal catch him and redirect his falling body our of his own liquids.

Cum and slick falling a wet patch on the bed beside him.

He was thankful he wasn't spending this cycle in Hannibal's bed, he could only imagine the amount of money go through with ruined sheets.

The only problem with heat, was that without a knot filling you up was there was often little release from the demands of your biology.

It was a few moments before Will was once again hard and horny, crawling across the bed spread to pull the Alpha into a demanding kiss.

"You can keep the mask off, but if you bite me, I will kill you."

"You have no need for foreplay, William, I am already hopelessly in love with you."

Before The Night Creeps In

Chapter Notes

This Chapter Is A Sex Scene *Sort Of*

Please note it does mention a little bit of a rough pull out with a knot (Will and Hannibal are both okay with it, but y'all might want some warning idk)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The following days of Will's heat were passion and pleasure.

Hannibal, in a show of unprecedented restraint had remained true to his words and not bitten and bonded Will.

The same could not be said for the Omega, who had spent the last several days coating the Alpha in bruises and claiming marks all over his skin.

This included the rope burns on Hannibal's wrists where Will had tied him up after the Alpha had eluded to Will moving in with him. He had since stopped mentioning a future in which Will surrendered his comforts to accommodate the Alpha's devotion. A wise move.

The pair had, had sex in almost every room of the house.

This included one unfortunate time in the shower where the Omega had felt like he was being water boarded and Hannibal had almost thrown out a hip. It was something the promised to revisit in a better equip bathroom.

Although they had been avoiding conversations about the future that resulted in big changes, Will had initiated talks about the potential of dating. This was something that Hannibal had been rewarding with sexual favours.

Will had trained enough dogs to know when you were rewarding you wanted to see the behaviour more of. Despite that knowledge he didn't bother telling Hannibal to stop. Why let him think he was onto the Alpha, when the result was learning several new sexual positions.

One he wasn't sure should have been physically possible.

The future was not the only subject the pair had steered clear of. Neither had broached the topic of the corpse laying in Will's tool shed. Nor had they spoke about the Ripper.

It felt like anything that would disturb their precariously balanced peace was too much of a risk. So they simply didn't venture into difficult conversations.

The three days had been perfection, in that regard. A complete denial of the slow impeding reality, but proof that Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham were perfectly matched for one another.

It was only when the pressures and morality of the world outside of Wolftrap started creeping in that their bliss was threatened.

Huffing Will tried to shift his weight, only to find fingers tapping against his side, coaxing him to stay in place.

"Knotting me while sat in a dining room chair is an exceptionally unfair way to get me to eat." Will mused, as Hannibal raised a fork, with fruit on it to, his lips. He was quite unsure where all this food had come from, as he rarely kept fresh ingredient in the house.

Will assumed the Alpha must have taken one of the moments where the Omega had been fucked into a blissful state of rest to order some supplies.

The Omega took a bite, making sure to rock his hips backwards as he chewed, causing a groan to fall from the Alpha's lips as the Omega teased his spend cock.

"Rather unnecessary retaliation, mielasis." Hannibal said, pressing a chaste kiss to the nape of the Omega's neck, making Will shiver. "I am only caring for you."

"Which implies I can't care for myself."

"Or simply that my interest in your person goes beyond the physical."

Will chuckled, leaning his head back against Hannibal's shoulder, his back against Hannibal's chest as he pressed a soft kiss to the Alpha's jaw. "Oh, my big strong Alpha, protecting and providing for me."

Placing the fork down, Hannibal had a smirk on his face, that Will was sure only promised trouble. The Alpha stood, causing Will to get to his feet as well, before hands held hips and his, not nearly deflated enough, knot was yanked from where it had been locked.

The pain that rippled through Will was almost as awful as the feeling of semen escaping and trickling down his inner thigh as he bent double over the table, trying to catch his breath.

"A most appetising sight." The Alpha said coldly, taking the finished breakfast plates to the sink to deal with at a later time.

"If you rip me in half I'm not going to be much good for fucking." Will groaned, straightening himself up with a slight wince. He may have been a tad dramatic, it was really no worse than the soft ache that often formed in the aftermath of an active heat.

It was a lot of sex to have in very few days, it was natural for a body to need time to recuperate.

Looking at the scratch, bite and other marks littered over Hannibal's naked form, he had certainly given as good as he got when it came to causing harm.

In fact, if anyone were to look at the pair of them, their concern would be inclined towards the Alpha, rather than him.

"I believe you are at the end of your cycle." Hannibal mused, turning back to study Will.

The Omega shrugged. "Yeah, anywhere between three or four days, normally."

"Then before we must confront the world beyond your front door, allow me to rectify my trespass against you."

"That's certainly one way to say 'give you a blowjob'." Will snarked, with a light chuckle, only to find himself swept up into the Alpha's arms.

Thrown over Hannibal's shoulder with ease the Alpha made quick strides to the bed, as the pair once again resumed activities.

Chapter End Notes

One more chapter to go. What's about to happen, dear reader?

The post will be going live near midnight GMT~ Let's kick 2021 off with some fun.

And So It Begins

Chapter Notes

Guess who fell alseep and missed getting this live within the window I promised? (*)

Anyway, here is a happy ending for y'all!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The room was still and quiet, the dogs curled by the fireplace, two men coiled around each other in the glow of their shared intimacy. It was the perfect respite from reality.

The softness of the situation even seeping into the forgotten chambers of Will's heat.

Curled in the arms of the Alpha, Will took a deep breath in of their mixed scents, fingers trailing down the broad chest, coated with a light dusting of peppery blonde curls. This was an unexpected outcome, but he was finally able to feel. “Thank you.” Will sighed happily, looking up from where his head had been laid against the other.

Hannibal met his eyes questioningly, shifting the Omega in his arms so their legs could hook together.

“For sharing your secret with me.”

The killer brought gentle fingers up to tilt Will’s chin. “You left me no other choice.” Came the emotionless response, as a thumb dragged across his bottom lip.

Physical intimacy another way of communication, now they had spent several days exploring each other’s bodies so freely. Will rather enjoyed never having to find the words to express himself, when Hannibal was intuitive enough to pick up on his feelings, and a well placed hand or kiss could free him of any worries.

The pair just worked. It was a functional darkness, but at long last they had arrived at an understanding. One that was allowing the Omega enough space in his mind to question a future spent like this; wrapped in the warm embrace of a dangerous and devoted Alpha.

“Would you have told me?” He mused, laying his head back against bare chest, listening to the steady rhythm pumping away beneath it's flesh prison.

“I am as of yet unsure I can trust you.” Hannibal brushed a curls behind Will's ear. The usually unruly mess now spiked in various gravity defying directions.

Frowning and pondering on that thought, a comfortable silence one again took them over. Hannibal broke it. “Your love comes with stipulations, William.”

“Doesn’t everyone’s?”

“Love that requires change, rather than acceptance is not true.”

“You think I don’t accept you?”

“I think you are yet to accept yourself.”

“And who am I?” Will said, tone a bit more stilted at the direction this conversation was being led, but too curious to stop it.

Sighing, Hannibal curled his arms back around Will, holding him close in a loving embrace. “Indeed, Will. Who are you?”

“Special Agent William Graham!” Came the loud shout from outside of his house, startling the pain on bed, as his dogs sprang into action. Moving from the pile the pack had curled in on the floor to pressed with ferocious snarls against the window. Loud warning barks raising the panic in the younger man.

“Will! We know you’re in there! Come out!” Jack Crawford? Why on earth was Jack Crawford here? And summoning from his home? Sitting up in his bed confused he glanced down at Hannibal for a moment, who's features revealed nothing, before he looked back to the door. Was it possible this surreal experience was a dream?

Or rather a nightmare. Bare arse naked and in bed with your not-quite-psychiatrist-friend, having spent a heat together and a dead body in the shed was not quite how you wanted your boss to find you.

“What did you do with the body?” Will said accusingly, thinking Hannibal must have made a mistake. But… They weren’t calling his name? They wanted Will.

“I am not sure what you are speaking about.” Came the confused response from Hannibal, which caused anger to ignite in the Omega. A blatant lie, tainted with the delight dancing in the red eyes that studied him.

Not entirely sure what was happening, but overwhelmed by the chaos of his head and heart, Will began crawling to the edge of the bed, so he could fall out of it.

“Last chance, or we’re coming in!” Jack shouted back.

“What did you do!?” Will said, fists coiling angrily as he stood up, looking around for some clothes to throw own. Only finding Hannibal’s coat, conveniently draped over the back of his sofa. This was by design. He snatched up the article of clothing and reluctantly shrugged the jacket on.

Whistling for his dogs to get back into the kitchen, he moved to pull the door closed, as the final member of the pack obediently followed it's masters commands. Will had to make sure

there wasn’t any accidents that ended with them hurt, for whatever was about to transpire.

“I would advise you remain calm.” Oozed the smug reply of the Alpha, as he stood watching the Omega flit around. Noting the prioity of the animals and adjusting his plan accordingly. Having got to his feet, Hannibal had produced a pair of perfectly pressed trousers from somewhere and pulled them on.

He had done something.

Planned something.

Hannibal Lecter was enjoying seeing the finale to the show he had curated.

This was fun for him.

The revelation caused Will to fly across the room in a fury before his head had chance to offer the implications of his decision. Landing a punch square on the Alpha’s jaw, he hissed with the pain flaring through his own hand, the force of the strike rippling up the limb. He shook it off, clenching and unclenching assessing the damage.

It wasn't just physical damage though. That punch was obvious… and Hannibal hadn’t resisted or even recoiled. He knew the other could easily anticipate and avoid a hit, so why hadn’t he?

“Fuck.” He swore, having walked right into that one. How often did he go skipping into the traps the other man laid out for him? Well, in for a penny, in for a pound. He hit out again, this time causing a steady stream of blood to begin dripping from the doctor’s nose, a satisfying crunch announcing the break.

At the same moment, the front door swung open several booted feet stomping across the floorboards.

Armed agents swarmed through the door, just as he pulled back his fist. **“ON THE GROUND!”** was shouted, volume and force ricocheting off the walls, leaving no room for question.

Neither did the guns pointed at Will.

Jack flanked behind, looking at the scene before him and resisting the urge to pinch his nose at the clear smell of heat, slick and semen in the room overwhelming the atmosphere.

The feeling of humiliation rose in the Omega. He wasn't sure if it was the compromising position he had been found in, or his own stupidity for trusting Hannibal Lecter.

Will had slowly dropped to his knees, eyes not once leaving Hannibal’s. Thankful of the coat and the modesty it afforded him, as he laid on his floorboards, stomach and chest flush to the hard surface as he brought his hands to lock behind his head.

“Doctor Lecter, are you okay?” Jack queried, looking at the man, who had his forefinger and thumb attempting to stem the bleeding that dripped onto the bare and well-marked chest.

“Perfectly fine.” Hannibal waved off. “I said I would bring him to you.” Came the pained response that was making Will want to jump up and punch the killer again.

How had they all been so blind!? Once you understood who the monster in the room was the acting was transparent.

“What the hell is going on, Jack!?” Will growled, from his position, trying to look at the man he hoped could give him answers as he was sure Hannibal wasn’t about to offer anything useful.

The growl that emanated from Jack was enough to silence him. Yet Hannibal was answering with one of his own, stepping to shield the Omega on the floor from the other Alpha and guns still trained on *his mate*.

The act of possession and aggression was clear and unnerving. The moment Will was finally able to understand the risk of such devotion was not when Hannibal had stood, having killed a man, blood drooling down his chin, in the doorway to his home, but when threatening to take everything he was away.

Jack held his hands up in a slight surrender. This was a negotiate technic the FBI would often use when trying to speak with the protective mates of suspects. Will trained recruit on this and why it was effective. The salt in the wound of this situation as he watched all his finest work be used against him. “That is why we couldn’t let you bring him to us.” The head of the BSU said, as if hoping logic would defuse the rapidly growing violence within Doctor Lecter.

'If only he knew', Will thought.

Hannibal straightened. “Apologies I… am still rather haunted from Will’s recent heat.” Clearing his throat he took a step aside, trying to calm himself. “I hoped my proposed solution to cause the least distress to all parties.”

“Liar” Will muttered, only loud enough for the other man to hear.

“Would it be too much to request I disabled him for you? I just…” Maroon eyes glanced over the agents with guns, before landing back and softening when they looked to Will. “Am unsure how restrained I will be were one of you to touch.”

The Omega almost hoped they wouldn't allow it, just to watch Hannibal get slammed to the floor alongside him for trying to pervert the course of justice.

Or injustice, as it were.

Jack gave a curt nod, one of the agents in the room moving slowly to pass the Alpha some handcuffs.

“You have got to be fucking kidding me.” Will announced so the whole room could hear, exasperation clear in his tone. Still not daring to move an inch, aware the mounting tension in the room would cause itchy trigger fingers.

The doctor took the cuffing, moving back to kneel next to Will as he delicately brought the Omega's hands down to the small of his back, with ever such care and compassion. Hannibal pressed the cuffs to circle the wrists and restrained the younger man.

Delicate fingers also carding through his hair. Petting him. Causing an unwelcome shiver down his spine as the last remanence of heat had him craving the attention.

The clear display of ownership and authority made Will want to be sick. His body still coated in a mix of his own slick and cum, as well as Hannibal's. It made sense that Hannibal hadn't cleaned the pair off after their last tumble together.

Bastard.

"It'll have to be tighter, Hannibal. He can slip those." Jack said despondently, as if he understood the pain the Alpha must be in, having to do this to his mate.

Firstly, they weren't mated. Secondly, Will could imagine the delight and joy the psychopath must be feeling at this convincing little show.

His God complex must be glowing.

The metal pinched against his flesh as Hannibal spoke. "I am so sorry for this, William. When you murdered that poor man in front of me, I had little other choice. I could no longer be the one to help you with this."

"You waited four days to call Jack!" Will protested indignantly. In hindsight he should of perhaps chosen to accuse the other man.

The fact that he hadn't seemed to cause Hannibal some surprise and delight. "I… am sorry." The uncertainty in his words sounded almost genuine, before it faded away.

Jack huffed, having enough of this display and walked towards the pair. "It's exactly what you wanted, isn't it? Your heat just happened to be timed perfectly. I am sure you thought you could use Hannibal to protect you." There was such hatred and venom in his words. Will could only blink and turn his face against the floor to look up at Hannibal with despair.

"Jack." Hannibal growled, causing the other to pause mid step before the verbal tirade could go any further. "Will is clearly showing symptoms of Omega hysteria. You would do well to remember that this was not his fault, and treat him with compassion."

Will laughed, because the thought alone was amusing and the diagnosis painfully outdated… but given the agreeing looks around the room people were more than happy to accept the doctor's thoughts on the matter. The rippling laughter only adding more weight to the argument against him. He let the sound die off in his throat with a crackling note of sadness.

"We are all to blame." Will wondered when the high horse had come trotting in for Hannibal to mount and dictate his sermon on accountability. He couldn't want to watch the man get bucked off... Thought it appeared unceasingly unlikely. The Ripper was untouchable and Will had squandered his chance to capture the other.

"We failed you.” Hannibal said, helping Will to his feet, adjusting the coat lapels if only for the chance to soothe along the other's body once more. “Someone should have been able to notice before you became feral. I had hoped I could prevent it myself but given our distance at the time." I didn't see this because Will wouldn't let me close. This was unbelievable! "I was too taken in by you, and overjoyed to be once more allowed at your side, I overlooked how bad it had got.” The weighty, and entirely untrue, confession ended.

He could see what the rest of the room must have seen. The unstable Omega who had finally gone off the deep end and killed an Alpha. The Omega who would use Hannibal to get the protection he needed. The Omega who was notorious for sleeping around and refusing to submit. The Omega who had spend his last heat with a dead Alpha, throat ripped out, in his shed and another Alpha currently sporting bite marks, bruises and rope burns.

Will had never fit into what ‘an Omega’ should act like.

A grave he had dug for himself.

Apparently, all it had ever needed was Hannibal to give a the little push before he was crumpled at the bottom of an inescapable hole. Red eyes glaring mercilessly down at him as he failed to claw his way up the side to escape.

Blue eyes held the Chesapeake Ripper’s for a long while before the promise left his lips. “I’ll never forgive you for this.” Or perhaps it was that he would never forgive himself as the pain in his heart tore his chest open, exposing all his vulnerabilities.

A moment ago he had been thankful for the other to have shed his human suit before him. Will had even been considering what a future would look like…

Hannibal smiled sadly at his future mate, tone not matching the action as he leaned into whisper “I will never let you go.” The hot breath curled against the shell of the Omega's ear, in a threat that he knew to be true.

It scared and excited him simultaneously.

The retaliation came in form of Will trying to bite the other man’s ear. Only to have rough hands dragging him away, before he could sink them into the flesh.

The agents dragging him away, fingers crushing against his upper arms, were met with defiance and resilience as Will tried to break their hold and launch an attack on Hannibal. Images of the life draining from the Alpha's eyes delighting before his vision.

“I hate you!” he cried. It wasn't the truth. In fact it was probably the opposite. But Will was determined to make this sting. Struggling against the hands that evicted him from his own house, legs kicking out and knowing over his furniture Will didn't stop his fight, even as he met the cold air outside.

Bare feet were dragged across muddy and stone covered ground, the Omega attempting to dig his heels in, only to have another two agents join the restraint and grasp his ankles so they could haul him to the waiting vehicle.

Having moved from the house, following the commotion, Hannibal stood on the porch, watching the other go with such pride and admiration. Will didn't stop fruitless struggle against the hold, even as the door was slammed shut and engine ignited. It was truely a breath taking sight, made all the more enticing with the knowledge that his scent was coated with Hannibal's own.

"I know this is hard." Jack said, misinterpretation of the hungry passion as pain. Coming to stand beside the psychiatrist, he placed a hand on the other Alpha's shoulder in a wordless gesture.

"It is the only choice I had." Hannibal's eye was caught by the flash of a camera and the red hair fading into the woodland.

Jack didn't know the words to say to this. Too busy trying to wonder what it was he could say he didn't see the reporter leaving. The bureau truly only saw what they wanted. Simply shaking his head in an unspoken show of compassion and condolence Jack moved to join his team as they gathered evidence from the scene and escape the conversation.

"Promise me he will be taken care of." Hannibal called, pulling Jack back into the unconfutable talk, enjoying how the man squirmed, while playing his role as the devoted mate perfectly. In the eyes of those around them Hannibal was so beguiled by an Omega he was held hostage to his feelings, and made a great sacrifice by reporting the crimes. A show of strength other's weren't sure they could manage, so congratulated him for. Their assumption wasn't exactly incorrect, but this wasn't the stockholm syndrome others appeared to be pitying and praising him for and more of an unrelenting love for the Omega being driven away.

"He's going to be Baltimore State Hospital." Jack offered the information as a way of trying to reassure, but knew the statement was more concerning than it should have been. "It may be worth giving Chilton a call… try explaining things? Or all he'll see is an Omega serial killer who went about copying his favourite scene." A pause before Jack tried to inject some humour. "Not sure either of us want to suffer the medical paper on that one."

"I will have Fredrick for dinner." Hannibal rebutted with his own injection of dark humour. The well placed cannibal pun went over Jack's head, and was instead just seen as a way of brining the conversation back to more serious matters. "Are you certain that the copycat was Will?" "Your profile on the killer and the notes Bloom was producing from her sessions with Will matched perfectly… especially when you factor in the 'Omega hysteria'. It's not that we haven't had our concerns about him this whole time, it's just that we couldn't imagine Will doing something like this."

Hannibal hummed in agreement, fingers tapping against the banister of the porch for a moment as he considered his response. "Alana made it rather clear to me, in a passing conversation that this was somewhat inevitable, however unfortunate." It was a hit at Jack. A reminder that the reason Will's mind had snapped was because of the position the other Alpha forced him into.

The hit landed, and the guilt was clear across Jack's pained features, as he agreed with both psychiatrists assessments. "He is lucky to have had you, Doctor, Lecter."

“I do hope he comes to see that one day.”

Chapter End Notes

Did I say happy ending? (ΦwΦ)

[Not Fic] The Author's Note

Chapter Notes

31 days to write.
33 days to completed upload.
31 Chapters.
35,000(+) Words.
11K(+) views before finale.

The End

So you made it to the end of my fic, aye? Well, congratulations. You buckled yourself in for quite the ride here. it was not tried and tested at all and met none of the safety regulations. The operator was also drunk for a good 40% of the time. But at least we all had fun.

The bad news is, it's over. Finished. Finito. No more. Done. Au revoir. Addio. Sudie. (ಥ﹏ಥ)

Our mongoose is locked up, heartbroken and betrayed in BSH. But at least Hannibal got his wish and managed to ensure no other Alpha would go near his Omega, right? *Pushes Mathew Brown and Chilton back in the box labelled 'Hannibal Lecter, you actual dumbass' *

I hope you enjoyed yourselves and are full up of the yumyums.

Thank you for all your kudos, comments and support of this fic! It means ever so much and really inspired me to keep posting this into the void for y'all to have.
Anyway. That is all. ~(˘▾˘~)

Until our next dinner party.

Edit: I see from the comments I caused a lot of feelings (but that was rather the plan, and I'll take the outpouring of a sign of a fic well written) just to confirm, and set aside your fears, there will be more parts to this series. I would have been crueller than Hannibal to just leave you dangling with this finale.

Works inspired by this one

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!